Vol. CXXVII. No. 1651.

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THE BYSTANDER. AUGUST 7, 1935.

The BYSTANDER

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Le Touquet.—Hotel Regina.—Facing Sea. Opp. swim. pool. 1st class. Residential hotel, same managem't Hotel des Anglais in forest.

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Bad Nauheim.—Der Kaiserhof.—First-class hotel. Large garden fac'g baths & Kurpark. 150 rooms, 50 bathrooms. Pens. fr. RM. 11.

Bad Nauheim.—Palast Hotel.—First-class in every way. Facing Baths and Kur-park. Pension from RM. 10.

Cologne.—Hotel Comoedienhof.—Dignified hotel with all com. Near Cathedral. Rms. fr. RM.4, with p.b.fr.RM.8. Man. A. Grieshaber.

Dresden.—Hotel Bellevue.—The ldg. Hotel. Unique pos. on river. Gdn.-Pk. Terrs. Reduced rates. Garage. Man. Dir., R. Bretschneider.

Freiburg. — Hotel Zähringer Hof. — The leading Hotel of the district; thoroughly first-class; 160 beds, 50 bathrooms.

Garmisch. — Bavarian Alps. **— Hotel Neu-Werdenfels. —** First-class home comfort combined with excellent cuisine and service.

Garmisch.–Bavarian Alps.–**Sonnenbichl.**— Golf Hotel, facing the Zugspitze, 1st-class family hotel. Excellent Cuisine.

Hamburg.—Hotel Atlantic.—On the Alsterbasin, 2 minutes from the main station. Excellent Grill and Bar in new style.

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Heidelberg. — Reichspost Hotel. — Highly recom. by Germ. and For. Guide Books. Opp. Cent. Sta. Wine & Beer Rest. Pens. fr. Mk.8.

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Munich.—Grand Hotel Continental.—First-class throughout, in quiet location. Moderate terms. Garage.

Munich.–Park Hotel.–Well-known family-house. All rooms with hot and cold running water. Most reasonable rates.

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Munich.—Hotel "Der Koenigshof," Karlsplatz 25.—1st class, nr. theatres & museums. 150 rms., 50 bths. New underground garage.

Stuttgart. — Hotel Graf Zeppelin. — Facing Main Station. The most up-to-date Hotel in South Germany.

Stuttgart. — Hotel Viktoria. — Most distinguished world-wide known house. Seasonable terms.

Wiesbaden.–Hotel Schwarzer Bock.–1st-cl. fam. Hotel. 300 beds. Med. bath in hotel. Golf. Tennis. Garage. Pens. from Mk. 8.

Wiesbaden.–Hotel Rose.–World-renowned Hotel. Own bathing estab. Patronised by H.R.H. Prince of Wales. Pens. from 11 Mks.

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Wiesbaden. — Palast Hotel. — First-class Hotel, opp. Kochbrunnen. Every possible comf. Own bath-estab. Pens. from RM. 10.

ITALY.

Colle Isarco (3281 ft.).**—Dolomites.**—Hotel **Gudrun.**—Every comfort. Moderate terms.

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Geneva. — Hotel Richemond. — First-class family hotel, overlooking lake. Most up-to-date. Rooms from 6 Frs.

Gunten.—Park Hotel.—Full South on lake front. First-class family Hotel. Bathing, Tennis, Golf. Pension S. Fr. 13, upwards.

Lausanne. — Belvedere Hotel. — Best pos., first-class cuisine, diet. Weekly terms, all inclusive, from £5.

Lausanne-Palace-Beau-Site.—First class at reasonable rates. Exc. cuisine. Nicest position. Park. Garage. Priv. Tennis. Golf.

Lausanne.—The Hotel Victoria.—Home-like house. Latest comf. R'ms. from 5 Frs., incl. terms 13 Frs. Garden. Gar. Rest'nt.

Lucerne.–Carlton Hotel.–First-class. Finest situation on lake. Reasonable terms. Private lake. Baths free for guests. Pk., Ten., Gar.

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Thun.—Hotels Bellevue and Park.—Central position for excursions. Excellent cuisine. Pension from Frs. 10.

Wengen.–Palace Hotel.–The best of the best. Tennis, Bathing, Mountaineering. Dancing. Incl. terms from Frs. 16. Fritz. Borter, Prop.

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The Bystander, August 7, 1935 No. 1651. Vol. CXXVII.

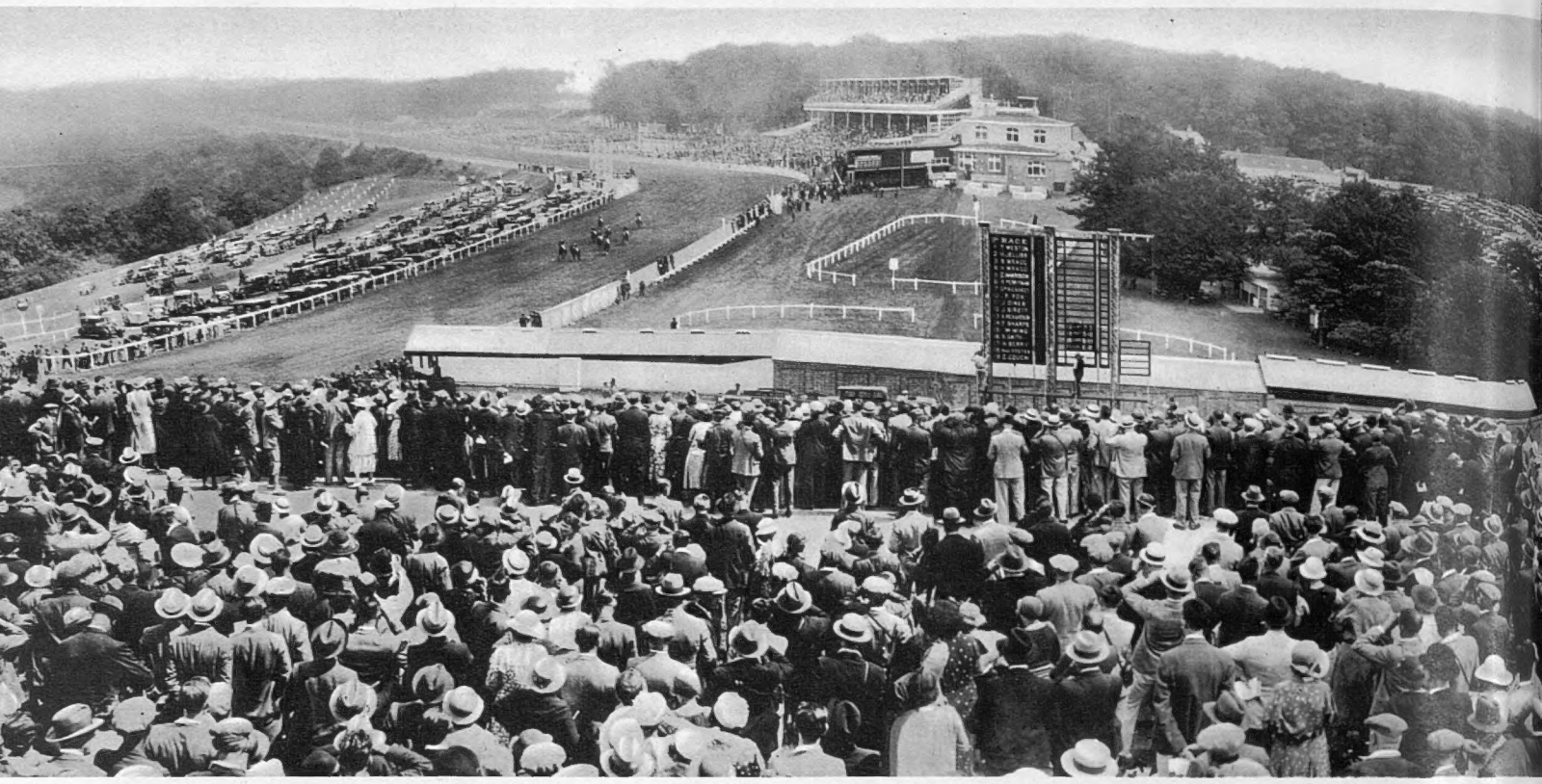
The BYSTANDER

The Bicycling Viscount and Viscountess

Lord and Lady Weymouth Before They Started on Their 500-Miles Ride

Lord and Lady Weymouth are doing what a lot of less enterprising people often think they 'd like to do, in taking themselves for a bicycle tour in Germany. These snapshots of them and their daughter, Caroline Jane, and their son, Alexander George, were taken at Greenaway House, Warminster, before they left. They started last Thursday, with Lord Stavordale and Mr. Colin Davidson, who is a Clerk in the House of Lords, to complete the party. And what we wish them on their five-hundred-mile "cruise" are following winds and no punctures

Goodwood—And It Couldn't Have Been More



A Superb Panorama of Racing: the Course, the Stands, the Wood-Enclosed Car Park, from Trundle Hill

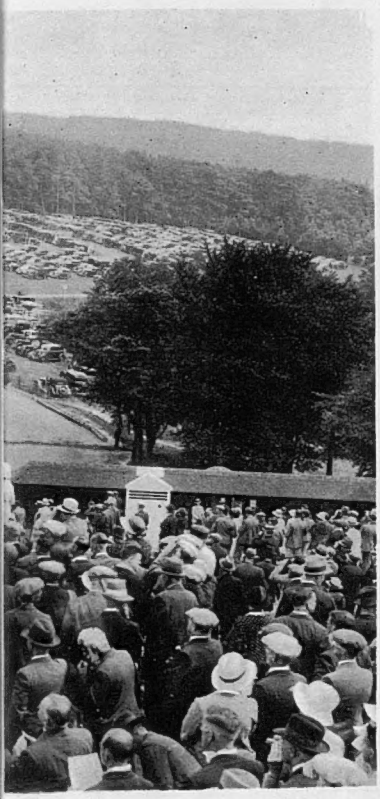
The Aly Khan and the Hon. Mrs. Thomas Frankland

The Hon. Mrs. Charles Baillie-Hamilton

Miss Diana Carlos Clarke

Miss Irene Mann Brougham and Vaux

Glorious



Above, left: Sir Delves and Lady Broughton arriving from Molecomb House, which they shared with Lord Carnarvon and Sir John Buchanan-Jardine

Above: Miss Peggy Johnstone and Mrs. Frank Stanley Clarke looked neat, cool and summery

Left; Lady Winifride Howard and the Duchess of Norfolk arriving from Arundel Castle

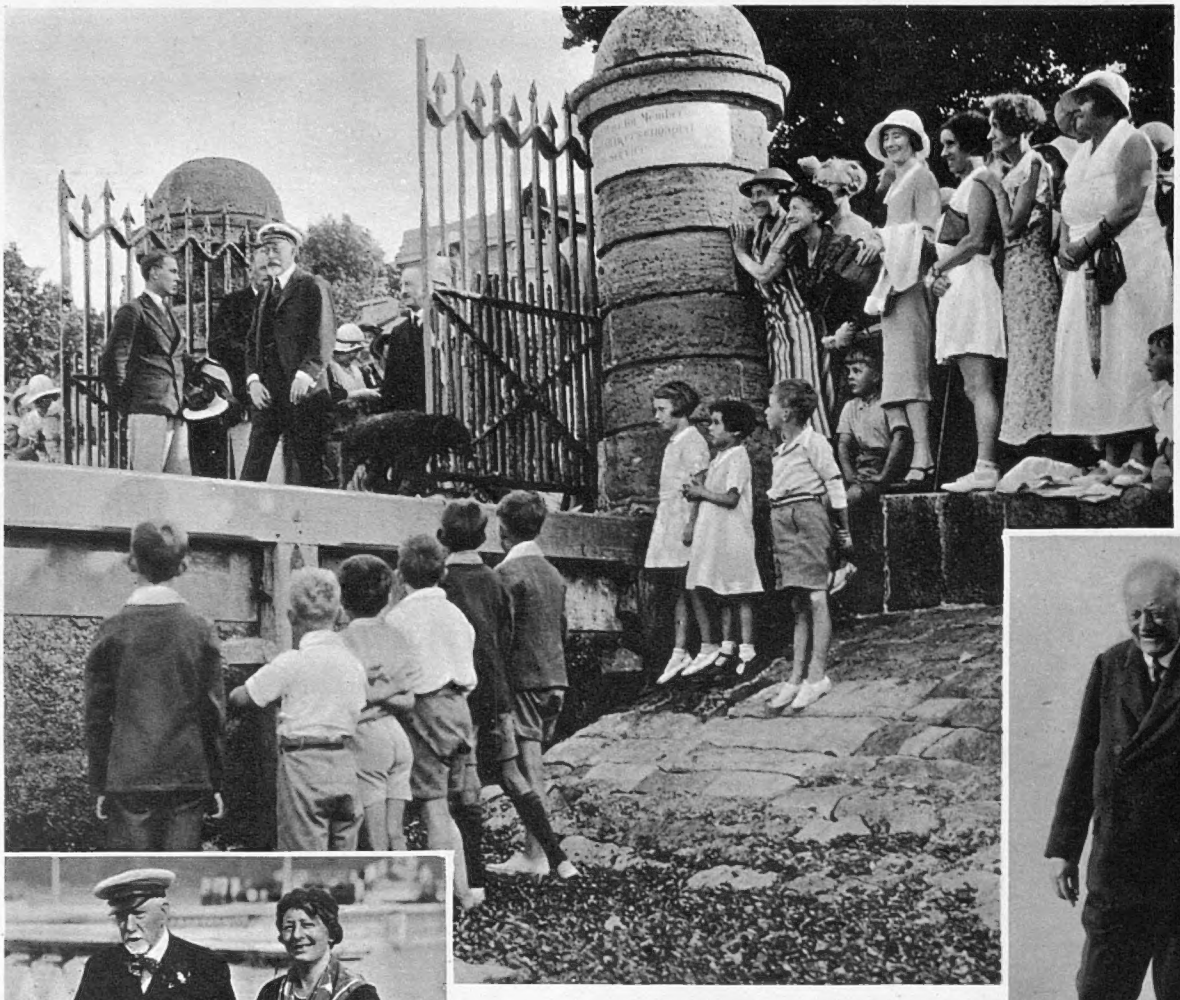
Below: Captain Starkey is with Comtesse Louis de Brantes. She is Lord Granard's daughter and was Lady Moira Forbes before her marriage last December

Thompson, Valerie, Lady and Mr. Philip Kindersley

Left: Lady Chesham walking round with Mr. Loder

Cowes

The King and Queen Make Their First Visit Ashore



Royal arrivals and departures by the Squadron steps are comparatively informal and give the boys and girls of Cowes a grand chance to see the King and Queen "close to"

Left: Lord Runciman, the eighty-eight-year-old ship-owner and yachtsman, and Miss Mary Runciman came ashore from the Sunbeam II.

The Queen, when she came ashore from the Royal Yacht, was escorted up the steps by Sir Richard Williams-Bulkeley, the Commodore of the R.Y.S.

Left: watching the racing at Ryde, where the Royal Victoria Yacht Club's Regatta takes place before Cowes Week starts

WHEN the King and Queen arrived at Cowes last week, their first engagement was at the Royal Yacht Squadron, where they were presented with Jubilee gifts by the members. A silver model of Britannia in her new rig was presented to the King

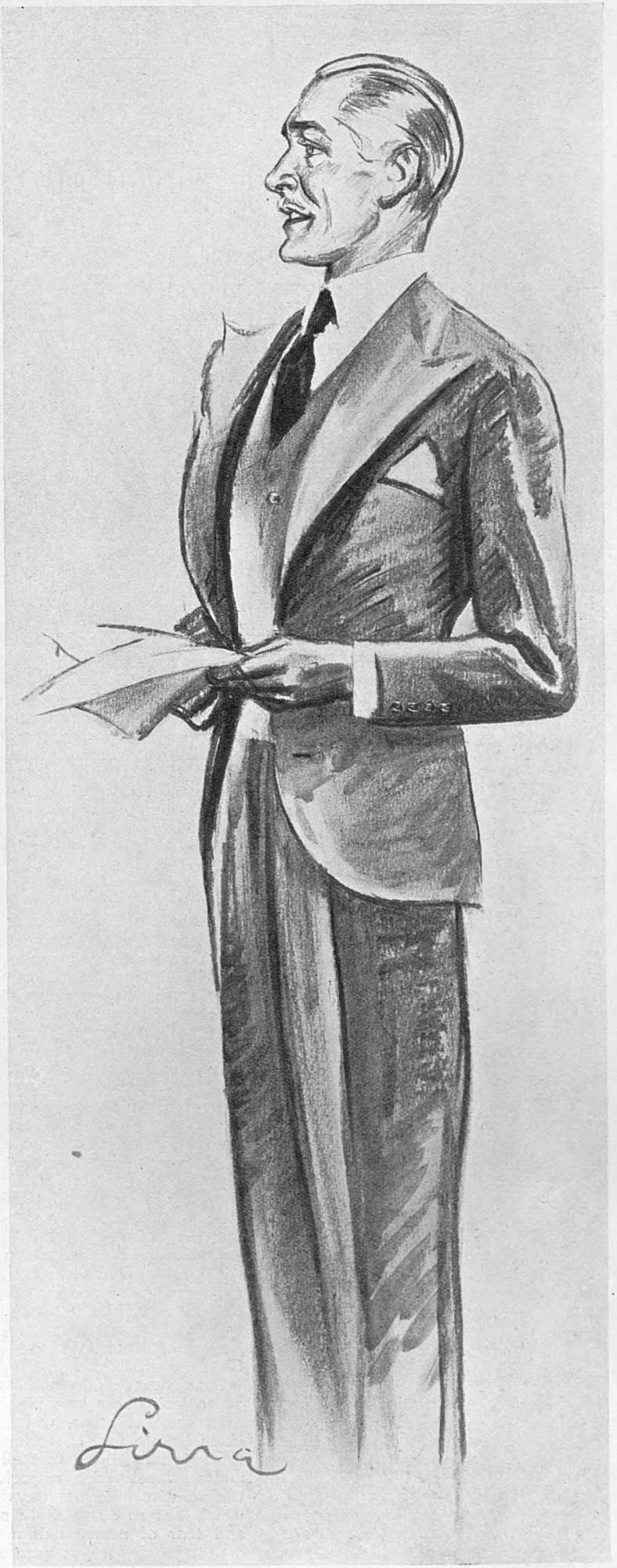
CELEBRITIES in CAMEO

No. 114

Sir Edmund Wyldebore-Smith

Potted by Charles Gay

Caricatured by Sirra



SIR EDMUND WYLDEBORE-SMITH is the chairman of Messrs. Thomas Cook and Son, Ltd., the premier travel agency of the world, and with strangers is one of the most uncommunicative men I have ever met. His fetish is keeping fit, and every day he takes a run before breakfast. His golf, however, becomes worse and worse. He has no party tricks. He is a dangerous partner at bridge (and "the least said about it the better"). He likes mild roulette. He hates anything depressing, but is devoted to travelling, which is fortunate. He never takes an aeroplane if he can avoid it, but he likes to be chauffeur-driven. He abominates crowds. He has never been further East than Ceylon. He likes bathing. If he danced, it would be for the exercise. He says that he never remembers people's names, but is very good at faces. He speaks French, German, Spanish, Italian, modern Greek, and Arabic.

HE is a director of the Suez Canal Company, which meets pleasantly on the first Monday in every month in Paris. He is also vice-president of the Wagons-Lits Company. He was educated at Haileybury, being the son of the Rector of Tarrant Rushton. After studying languages abroad, he became vice-Consul at Tangier, where he acted as Chargé d'Affaires. After a time at Fez he was sent to Crete, ultimately becoming a British delegate to the Berlin Conference on International Exhibitions in 1912. The big moment came in his life when he was appointed Director of the International Commission for the purchase of supplies for the Allies during the war. Here his tact was invaluable in smoothing the ruffled heads of the various War Departments of the various Allies. Anything from saltpetre to army mules was purchased in vast quantities by him. As a result, he holds the most distinguished Orders of Italy, Belgium, France, Greece, Serbia, and Rumania; but perhaps a far greater testimonial is his Royal Humane Society's medal for saving life from drowning. He was also a member of the British Delegation at the Economic Conference of the Allies held in Paris in 1916. He belongs to the Marlborough, St. James's, Beefsteak, and Travellers' (Paris).

He has four grandsons, a dachshund, and a Cairn. On a table in his office are several effigies of wild boars; but it would be hard to imagine a greater contrast between these ferocious brutes and the lean, soldierly, reserved demeanour of the chairman of Thomas Cook and Son.

Second Thoughts on First Nights

The Nervy 'Nineties

"*This Desirable Residence*" (*Criterion*)

So many recent plays have wallowed in murder that it is rather a relief to find as second in favour the theme of houses and their history. We have had *Frolic Wind* and *Hervey House*; now we have *This Desirable Residence*, at the Criterion, which provides us with a pleasant domestic evening, quite enjoyable in a placid way. We see the home life of an upper-middle-class, late Victorian family, who own the residence in question, a few miles out of London. The atmosphere, true to its period, is wafted over the footlights to the alluring rustle of silk petticoats.

The Fräulein nips the elopement in the bud. Edward Tramley (Eric Portman), a fortune-hunter, and Fräulein Schmaltz (May Agate), a governess

The three daughters of Mr. Penshott (Frederick Leister) seem to be leading the usual futile lives of their day, which has apparently caused the youngest, Lucy (Kay Astor), to become a half-wit. The poor girl tinkles almost incessantly upon the piano, only breaking off to rush, in tears, to the conservatory every time anyone speaks to her. The second girl, Sophie (Peggy Simpson), has been lucky enough to acquire a colourless fiancé, and this has gone to her head to such an extent that her superiority complex comes out in machine-gun-like attacks of temper. The principal member of the family is Mary (Marie Ney), the eldest, who has reached the age of twenty-six without having found a boy friend. It is discreetly revealed to us that the rather morbidly ladylike exterior of this young woman conceals all that is most modern in the way of repressions, and she is obviously ready to fall for the first young man who comes her way. Even so, it is almost incredible that she could ever have believed herself to be in love with such a dreadful young nib as Ted Tramley (Eric Portman), who is not only a clerk in her father's office, but brother to Mrs. Dester (Dorothy Hamilton), the wife of the local curate—such a nice little man (Harold Scott), who, in his guileless way, had married an adventuress.

The wistful heroine of the play—Marie Ney as Mary Penshott

In spite of all we know to the detriment of the Victorian father, we heartily approve of the way Mr. Penshott put his foot down and forbade his daughter to marry so unsuitably. His manner may be a trifle hectoring and lacking in the respect we know is due from a father to his daughter, but the old boy's principles are sound, and he backs his opinion in hard cash by bribing the offensive Ted to accept a job in Australia. Among all these people flits a dea ex machina, Fräulein Schmaltz (May Agate), who possesses the Teutonic gift of putting everybody right. A word of appreciation for Nellie (Ruth Wynne Gwen), a little slavey, who expresses a marvellous variety of emotions in a face made up to look like a suet pudding.

In the last scene, which has moved forty years on, we find that Mary has taken much too long in realising that all was for the best, and we must feel a respectful admiration for the wallpaper of the days before yesterday, which has so successfully survived the wear and tear of nearly half a century.

VERNON WOODHOUSE.

Sketches by Rouson

Papa knows best, or this one does, anyway: Frederick Leister as Mr. Penshott

SEEING TREBLE

An unusual threefold study of Claude Rains, who has now quite deserted the English stage for the American film studio, and after being all wrapped up in the rôle of the Invisible Man, was not only heard but seen in "Crime Without Passion." He earned full marks from the film critics for this performance, and is now back in Hollywood, where he is to make another film for Paramount, "The Last Outpost." Cary Grant and Gertrude Michael are others who will be in the film

Clubs Without Quarters

No. 7. The Saintsbury Club

By Charles Graves

Perez Ayala

N. Titulesco

Comte de Fleuriau

THE SAINTSBURY CLUB is one of the youngest and most lively of all the Clubs Without Quarters which devote their attention primarily to wines and good foods. Not that Shakespeare is entirely forgotten, for the two annual dinners of this club occur on the late Professor's birthday and that of the Bard of Avon.

There are fifty members of this club. They include ambassadors, authors, stray Members of Parliament, architects, and other lovers of good things. The objects of the club are to honour the name and work of George Saintsbury by bringing together men—and this is a delightful phrase—whose love of wine and letters is catholic and articulate; to build up a cellar of interesting wine for the delectation and instruction of the members; to afford members facilities for visiting famous vineyards under privileged conditions; and occasionally to publish volumes on the allied subjects of wine and literature.

Not more than ten guests can be entertained at any particular dinner of the club, and the right to invite them is determined by ballot. The annual subscription is two guineas a year to cover the cost of wine at the two dinners. In addition, new members pay an entrance fee of a case of choice liquor.

ALPHABETICALLY we begin with Warner Allen, a learned scholar of wine. He has a clean-shaven, plump, and smiling face, and is the first of a long line of Old Carthusians to go into Fleet Street. Martin Armstrong, the poet and novelist, is a small, shy man with a dark moustache, who holds his head a little on one side. Don Ramon Perez de Ayala, the Ambassador with a champagne-like name, paid his entrance fee with some first-class sherry. He is the Galsworthy of Spain, and is short and dark, with smooth hair and a dapper appearance. Another author is Hilaire Belloc, with his square figure and his tousled hair, who killed off (on paper) almost all the Germans in the first three months of the war. He once wrote a poem on wine which he dedicated to Mr. Duff Cooper, another member, who proceeded to recite it, word for word, at a recent dinner.

MORE literary flavour is supplied by E. F. Benson, the author of *Dodo*, who looks like a gentle colonel, with his short, drooping moustache. He used to be a champion skater, but now he walks with a stick. The Roman Catholic Church is represented by the Rev. Francis Burdett, who knows a great deal about wines. There is also Mr. R. W. Byass, the chairman of the sherry shippers. No Gonzalez, however, is a member, the only one whose name begins with "G" being Sir Stephen Gaselee, the librarian of the Foreign Office, who is also a Cambridge Don, and has probably the best cellar of Madeira wine in the world.

(*Continued on page* 252)

The late Prof. Saintsbury

Walter Elliot

Duff Cooper

Compton Mackenzie *Sir John Squire*

Peter North

PRINCESS VON BISMARCK AND CARL

A new portrait taken of Princess von Bismarck, the wife of Prince Otto von Bismarck, Counsellor of the German Embassy, London, with her second son, Carl, who was born on February 20th, 1935. Though not yet six months old, this attractive infant has faced the camera on several occasions. In addition to a brother, Carl has a sister to play with

AMERICANS

Who Have Improved Our Season

(Second Instalment)

● Auburn-haired ex-Mrs. Erskine Gwynne, of the perfect ankles. "Foxey" conquered Paris a few years back, and is now the toast of Mayfair

● Pretty Norah Grace, of the shipping family, has been shown the town by Bobbie Sweeny, Eddie Tatham & Co.

● Ann Co'e of the Follies, and Virginia Cherrill of films, go out with the right chaps including the Weldon brothers

● Mrs. Sally Shevlin Smith is the "sassiety" beauty with the lustrous black eyes, who has consolidated her success and become—we hope—a regular visitor. Could one say fairer than that?

● Mrs. Florence Sawyer, who arrived for the London premiere of "Anything Goes," intending to stay a week, is still with us, having "gone across" in a big way

● The biggest success of all: Mrs. Stephen Sanford, wife of polo-playing "Laddie." Was Mary Duncan in movies. Divine sense of humour. Lively clothes. Quick wits

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By "The Bystanders"

DRIVEN hopping crazy by an electric drill directly under his window, a friend of ours went out to have a chat with the operator. Résumé of the conversation :

"I take it you *like* working that damnable machine ? "

"I must confess it gives me exquisite pleasure."

"For its own sake, or because it drives your fellow-men raving mad ? "

"Isn't that rather a dreadful thing to suggest ? I mean, doesn't it convey, so to speak, a direct implication of sadism ? "

"Exactly."

Here (our friend avers) the honest fellow suddenly burst into great hot tears and dropped his drill. The foreman came up at once.

"This gentleman," said the operator faintly, "has accused me of sadistic tendencies."

The foreman was extremely angry. "Cyril," he said to our friend, "has *no* obsessional neuroses to speak of, and definitely few paranoiac reflexes worthy of mention. Cyril," said the foreman, spitting very dexterously in two directions at once, "is just a big, happy child. A dear man, a dear person. Aren't you, Cyril ? "

"Yes, Ernest," said Cyril, smiling through his tears. "I 'express' myself with my drill," he added shyly.

"Sorry," said our friend, gritting his teeth.

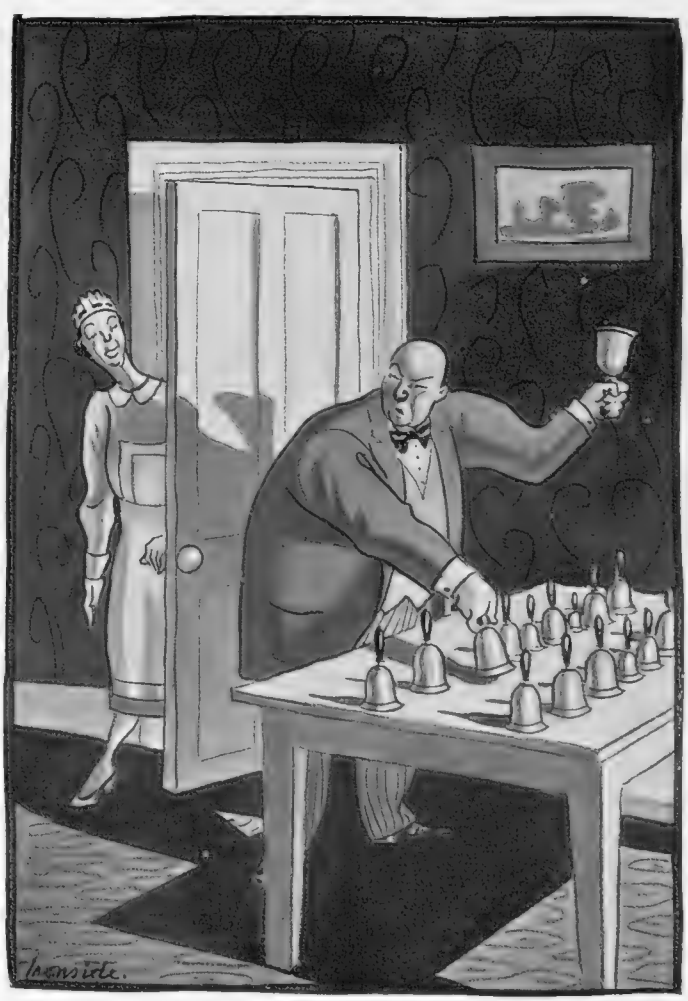
"Give 'em hell, dear boy," said the foreman, lounging away.

A blasting roar, a nerve-shattering, ear-stunning, world-shaking rattle was the response as Cyril leaned gaily on his drill, a carefree child once more.

Fan With the Calf

POKING our delicate muzzle into a rather dull dinner-table discussion the other night about the ethics of war, we opined that one of the greatest drawbacks to modern warfare is that it has become so vulgar that no gentleman can endure it. They said to us, "Is that so ? " and we said, "Yes," and they said, supercilious like, "And what would *you* call a gentlemanly war ? " and then, boys and girls, we reminded them of the historic siege of Lerida by the French in the seventeenth century, the most charming affair in military annals.

By way of pulling a snook at the Spanish Governor of Lerida, Monsieur le Prince marched his regiment up to the front-line trenches in broad daylight, headed by a platoon of fiddlers, who played gay and tender airs far into the night. The Spaniards replied by a bombardment and a surprise sortie and carried the front line. Next day the Governor sent M. le Prince a present of fruit and ices, desiring politely to know if the Spanish serenade had pleased his Highness, and if so, promising to continue it ; and next night the Spaniards attacked again in force, wiped out half Monsieur's troops, and ended the siege, with compliments. That 's what we call a gentlemanly war. We added heartily, "It 's quite a pleasure to get oneself killed in a war like that," to which a red, wooden-faced personage said contemptuously, "D'you really mean that ? What utter rot ! " So that shut *us* up, as you may well imagine.



"Did you ring, Sir ? "

What Should "A" Do ?

RECENT letter to Auntie *Times*—

A friend of mine did rather a smart thing the other day. She saw a passenger in a large car get out and deposit a bundle of rubbish in the hedge. The engine did not restart at once, and she had time to get the parcel and push it through the window as the car moved on, saying, "I think you 've left something behind." Chicken bones, ice-cream containers, etc., fell into the laps of the astonished occupants.—MRS. M———.

The occasion might have been even smarter, tactically speaking, if the occupants of the car had shot out and chased Mrs. M.'s astonished friend across country for fifteen miles, yelling and grimacing like demons. Tidiness in the countryside is very desirable, but it seems to us that Mrs. M.'s officious friend was just about asking for it. A sudden uproar as if all Hell were let loose, a sudden tumbling out of the car, a maddened chase across pasture and arable, dyke, spinney and hedgerow after the bounding, frenzied quarry—well, no doubt it 's wicked of us, but it 's a pleasing thought. We once knew a man who, whenever annoyed by a prig of the male species, used to throw himself down on the ground and howl and gibber like one demented. A crowd would gather, the baffled prig would wildly try to escape, and the fun would then begin, for our friend, kneeling and embracing the prig's knees, would implore him in an agony of tears not to sell up his little home and betray his only daughter. This is very effective when

"Confound it, Anstruther—you've blanketed me"

carried out in Piccadilly on a bright summer morning.

Dieppe

LISTENING to a traveller from the East the other night, we were seized with a sudden longing to revisit Dieppe, that little town which has such subtle untranslatable appeal to its lovers. We thought of the summer and winter evenings we have loafed there happily, contemplating that wide sea, so softly delicate in its changing tints of fawn and pink and green. We remembered the marvellous Gothic pile of St. Jacques, and St. Rémy, with its cool arches, and the arcade by the fish-market. We remembered Sole Dieppoise, with the rich, golden sauce, eaten on a bleak winter's day, and the street market, and the cliffs where the Bastille stood when the Dauphin Louis defeated Talbot. We remembered the Café des Tribunaux and the harbour asleep in the sun, and the old lady who sold lemonade and votive candles in the shed on the cliffs, and the great Forest of Arques outside the town. It is very wrong to gallop through Dieppe as ninety-nine per cent. of English travellers do. Like little heavenly Lucca, it is a town of the heart, and asks to be courted.

Nobody has ever given Dieppe its due, incidentally, for preserving English arts and letters in the 'nineties. Poets and artists and writers, driven desperate by the hellish nonconformist gloom of the London Sunday of the period, used to rush over to Dieppe at week-ends to save their reason—Dowson and Wilde and Beardsley and Condor and half a dozen more. Its salt gaiety and sunshine and its undefinable charm restored and inspired them. Otherwise suicide would infallibly have claimed half of them.

Everything is kind in little Dieppe—the sun, the air, the sea, and the (then) British Consul, who once, years ago, cashed us a cheque after banking hours though he didn't know us from Adam. Anyone who has experienced Consuls in emergencies will agree that there must be something about Dieppe which is very near to paradise.

Thunder on the Left

IN a new documentary film which is entitled *B.B.C.—the Voice of Britain*, presenting the apotheosis of the B.B.C., the principal star in it is the Voice of Sir John Reith, which—we have heard it more than once—is very like the Voice of Conscience, a terror to evil-doers and anybody at all sensitive or easily rattled. We heard Sir John once speak at a dinner of a famous dining and wining club, whose guest he was. The Voice began by announcing grimly that it had little use for wine. The assembled Bacchanalians shook like aspen-leaves, and we ourselves burst out crying and vowed never, never to tell a lie again.

As might be expected, the film fails from the very beginning to be representative of the B.B.C. Henry Hall is in it, Eric Maschwitz (the

"Who's a naughty doggie?"

Boy Dynamo), Clapham and Dwyer, Low, the Rev. "Dick" Sheppard, and even that well-tried music-hall turn, Wells and Shaw. But they haven't included the voice of the Typical Adenoidal Don, of the Talks Department; the lisping, whiffling, adenoidal Bloomsbury don who pecks primly, with bird-like zest, at our civilisation, like a suburban Mephistopheles in pince-nez. He, more than anybody, is the B.B.C. to us. One weally does feel it is wathah weactionawy and iwwesponsible to exclude a thinkah of this wepwesentative kind, whose welentless wecommendation of (say) compulsowy stewilisation of the Pooah would demonstwate how eagah the B.B.C. is to encouwage wight thinking. One weally does.

Tzigane

We just can't help going Romany at intervals — it's practically forced on us. What about this recent cable from old Gipsy Jasper Reuter, announcing that "the first newspaper in the gipsy language has appeared at Belgrade, with the title *Romano Lil*"? We haven't had our first copy yet, but we hope very earnestly that the Answers to Correspondents department, to begin with, is all it should be.

For example:

Irma W.: Darling, if our gipsy comrades keep dragging you out of the caravan and sticking you between the shafts it's obviously because they take you for a horse. Put more wild-flowers in your hair, and hell to them.

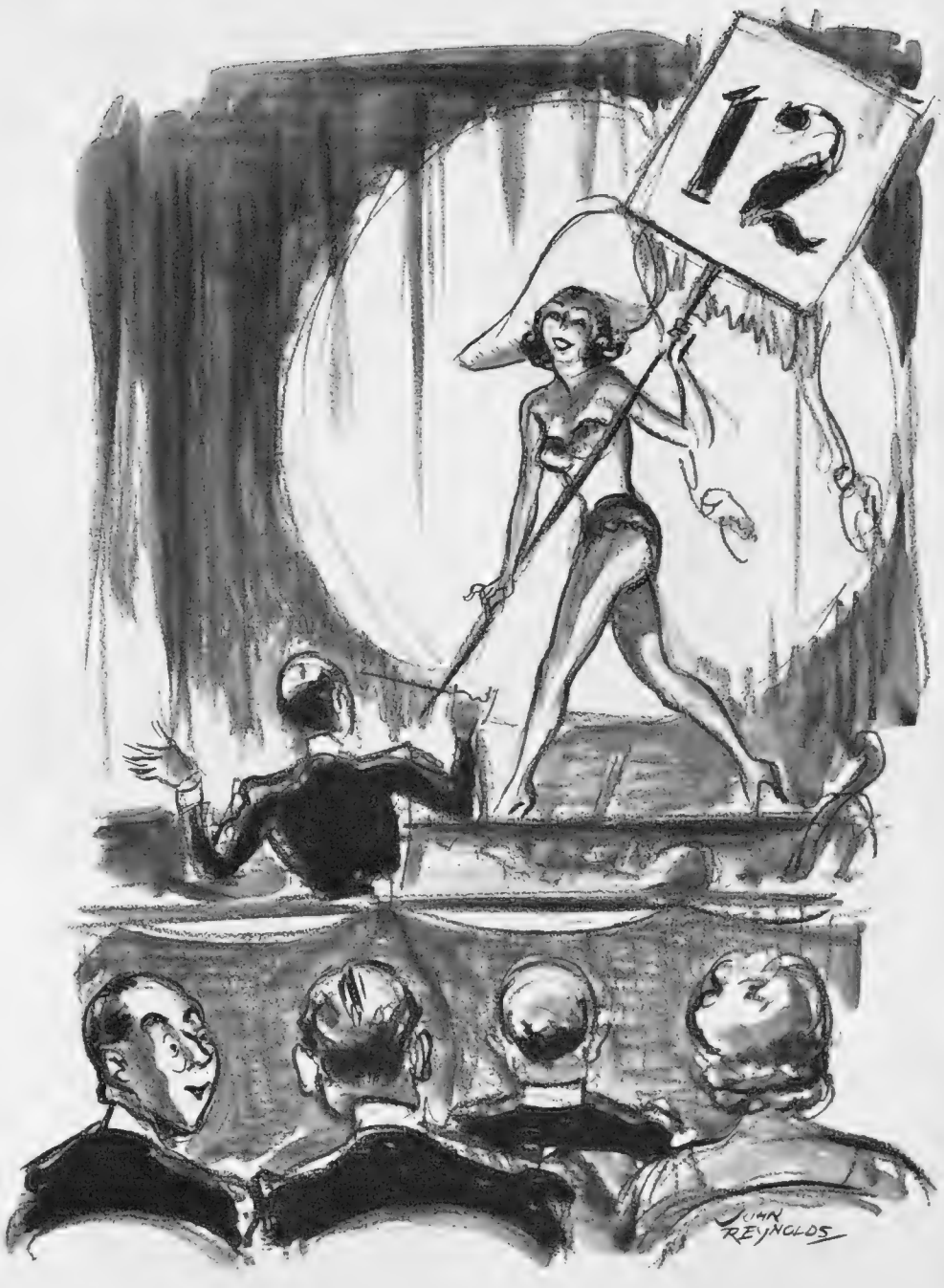
Mrs. H. H.: For wind on the heath try Petulengro's Parsnip Wine (non-alcoholic).

"Just a Romany Lass": The fierce-looking gipsy with pince-nez and a cough who made you improper proposals is most probably a British novelist looking for local colour. Stick a knife in him and see if he writes to his publisher.

"Big Eyes": A letter to the Dubrovnik Stock Exchange would find him more readily than just leaving a lot of old flowers at the cross-roads, dear.

Zika: Afraid we don't know what sort of camp-fire the lady novelist dances round when she's in town. An electric stove, we wouldn't mind wagering, ha, ha!

Queries addressed to "Auntie Dusty" should be accompanied by a bit of lucky old iron.



"She's splendid in Shakespearean parts as well"

PEN-PUSHERS

No. 42.—Sinclair Lewis

If you would read about the way
The small man in the U.S.A.
Conducts his mode of life;
The food he eats, the stuff he drinks,
The funny little thoughts he thinks
About his home and wife,
You certainly should go and get a
Lewis book—you can't do better.

For you will find that he has such
A seeing eye and pretty touch
In writing of the crowd
Who thrive on slogans and tinned food
(A diet that is not too good,
Although they like it much),
That you'll soon find out all the habits
Of Rotary-revering Babbitts.

He coolly tears the veil of sham
From Main Street's self-ordained Great Cham,
And much enjoys the job,
For it is very plain to see
His bête noir's found in shoals in the
Type of commutor snob
Who, lacking in all proper breeding,
Makes Sinclair's novels such good reading.

B. W.

Tough Baby

Judge Crawford, adjudicating in a recent case at Bow, was of opinion that the "typical Irish girl" is more nervous and cannot bear so much pain as "the more stubborn type of Saxon girl." We asked a well-known flâneur and man-about-town, who has trampled on more women's hearts in his day than he can remember, if this were correct. He said "Yes," but trampling on the Saxon girl, whatever that may be, was much less convenient. We asked why. He said, "The blonde or Nordic type—if that is what Judge Crawford means—is normally dumb. Its blue eyes have no expression whatsoever. Ideas take a fearful time to penetrate its golden dome, and while one is trying to make it realise it is being wronged, one may often miss more important engagements."

He then quoted us a typical case in Ascot Week, 1909, when he and "Buffy" Pinker of the Blues called one morning on two chorus-ladies, one a Celt, the other a Nordic, in order to submit them to a little light-heartlessness. The Celtic lovely flung a knife at "Buffy" within five minutes, and he caught his train. Our friend's own blonde victim was so hopelessly dumb that at 2.15 p.m. he was still doggedly explaining. "Why?" she kept repeating, opening big, blue eyes. "But *why*?" The result was that he missed the first three races and was £35 down on the day.

The Bystanders.

A Famous Film Figure at Home

Mr. Victor Saville and his wife pose for the photographer, as opposed to the camera-man. For many years Mr. Saville has been in the fore-front of British producers and has many big successes to his credit

FILMS of the DAY

This Breeding Business

By SYDNEY TREMAYNE

No cause for alarm! The breeding is of horses in *The Woman in Red*, and the "good breeding" (curiously expressed) of a "blue-blood family," called Wyatt of Wyattsville, and in *Shanghai*, though the story turns on the fact that the hero is Eurasian, the matter is delicately handled, from a social and not a gynæcological point of view. It is only in *The Dawn of Life*, with its maternity-home background, that the theme approaches its less conversational aspects.

What strikes me most forcibly is the curious and démodé American film interpretation of the attitude and manners of these so-called "blue blood" families. When snobbery is burlesqued, it is sometimes entertaining in small doses (because snobs are the most boresome people on earth, and I insist that a bore is always a bore, whether in fact or fiction). But when disunited states of society are treated seriously in pictures, the situation becomes either ludicrous or embarrassing.

The Woman in Red has plenty of action and is well acted, the "horsey" atmosphere is a change, and it is only when the social element is stressed that it becomes really tedious.

Barbara Stanwyck, always a capable actress and an attractive personality, is a professional rider and "a consistent winner of blue ribbons" for Nicko, a "society woman" played by Genevieve Tobin. The two women become rivals for the love of blue-blooded Johnny Wyatt, with the result that Shelby loses her job. She and Johnny get married, but those blue-blooded Wyatts behave like vulgar snobs towards the girl, and it is not until she is embroiled in a murder trial and is compromised by giving evidence for a man (who could never in any court in the world have been convicted) that they rally round to save her and their name, again from purely snobbish reasons.

As Shelby has borrowed money from the man to start a horse-training establishment with her husband, and is on his yacht at the time of the supposed "murder," there is by now a spot of marital misunderstanding, but the last reel clears that up. Whether it is his smooth manner or his "faultless tuxedos" which ensure Gene Raymond his rôles as the scion of blue-blood American families, does not matter. He makes of Johnny Wyatt a pleasant enough young man.

The problem in *Shanghai* goes deeper: it concerns not merely a difference of caste but a difference of race, a question of which America is more conscious than Europe.

Charles Boyer, momentarily and justifiably becoming more important and more ubiquitous in films, is a Russian, Dimitri Koslov, who improves his fortunes through the good offices of an influential Chinese diplomat. In Shanghai he meets and falls in love with an American girl—played by Loretta Young, with her usual charm.

But Dimitri has a secret: his father, a Russian General, married a Mongolian Princess. When he confesses to a party of people who, one supposes, are of "blue blood" as well as undiluted white blood, an epidemic of ostracism sets in.

When the girl relents, it is the man — who now knows that his parents' marriage ended in the tragic suicide of his mother — who discards the idea of international marriage.

Actually, there is a similar, equally dramatic and *true* story which reverses the decision of the producers. At the time of the loot of Peking, a British diplomat met and married a Chinese Princess. They were happy and had three children. The father decided to take the two sons to England to be educated. The day they sailed the Princess committed hari-kari on her husband's sword. But her children grew up to be brilliant and successful British subjects. One son achieved eminence and honours in the Diplomatic Service, and they all found happiness in marriage with Scottish compatriots of their father.

Including *The Call of the Wild*, Loretta Young makes three simultaneous appearances on London's screens, for she is the unhappy heroine of *Dawn of Life*. She has been sentenced to twenty years' imprisonment for murder, when she enters a maternity home. The old question arises: mother and baby cannot both live—which shall it be? Considering the tragic prelude, the answer is a foregone conclusion.

Loretta Young gives her best performance in *Shanghai*, perhaps because she is more happily cast, perhaps because she is playing opposite Boyer, whose restraint and quietly forceful technique seem to act inspirationally on actresses playing with him. Merle Oberon was never more effective than in *The Battle*. Claudette Colbert was at her acting-best in *Private Worlds*. His next appearance will be with Katharine Hepburn in *Break of Hearts*.

Four Engagements

Mr. Michael Lafone and Miss Vivienne Scott

Michael Lafone and Vivienne Scott, the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. O. H. Scott, announced their engagement two weeks ago, and their intention of being married at a London register office. He is the son of Major and Mrs. Lafone, used to be in the 19th Hussars, and then a farmer in Kenya. His first wife, whom he met big-game shooting, was Lady Elizabeth Byng, Lord Strafford's elder daughter

The Hon. Robert Dundas and Miss M. Ross

Robert Dundas is Viscount Melville's younger brother, and is twenty-three. He is engaged to Margaret Connell Ross, the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. Connell Ross, of Monkwood House, Ayrshire. The Melville place is Melville Castle, in Midlothian

Mr. George Bellew and Miss Ursula Cull

Mr. D. E. Hacking and Miss Daphne Finnis

Douglas Eric Hacking is the son of the Rt. Hon. Douglas Hacking, M.P. for the Chorley Division of Lancs, and Mrs. Hacking; his fiancée, Violet Daphne Finnis, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Finnis, of 19, Brechin Place, S.W.7.

Left: George Rothe Bellew and Ursula Cull announced their engagement in July. He is the Somerset Herald at the College of Heralds; his eldest brother is Garter Principal King of Arms, and his youngest brother is Patrick Bellew, the artist. Ursula Cull is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. E. K. Cull

GOING OUT to GOINGS-ON

The "Bystander" in Society

Sketches by Molly Bishop

The Grand Duke Dmitri at Quaglino's

Left: the Grand Duke Dmitri was dining à deux at Quaglino's when he was sketched, with an attractive American as his companion

Right: the Maharaja of Jaipur, most popular of young visitors from the East, gave an amusing party at the Savoy before Goodwood week

The Maharaja of Jaipur

So disturbing are Bank Holiday arrangements, that we go to press even earlier than ever this week, and Goodwood will be stale news by the time our version gets into print. Still, you will hear about it in time, also our Bank Holiday adventures, if any, at Le Touquet.

Not Altogether Cheap

More and more people seem to be interested in doing "cures" this summer, and many of the regular Cannes and Monte Carlo habitués are apparently scared at the idea of the prices. Even if one is asked to stay at a villa, there is often a six o'clock trek round the bars, and cocktails for a house-party of even eight or so, plus a few outside cronies, makes a nice hole in a mille note. Then, again, the male members of the party feel bound to give at least one Casino dinner-party, after which, whether one wins or loses at the tables, there are several boîtes to be visited before five or six a.m.! Not altogether a cheap holiday. The railway companies and hotels may intrigue you with their reduced tariffs, but the rate of ordinary living is undoubtedly very high.

Taking Cures

The regular hours and more sedate régime of places like Aix, Baden-Baden, and Vichy attract many people who don't attempt to accomplish a rigid cure. Among those we have heard of who are taking care of their health in one or other of these places this month are the Charles Cavendishes, Mrs. Cartwright, Mrs. Julie Thompson, and Mrs. Glorney, of racing fame. The Simon Marks have taken a villa at Antibes. Last summer they had Nicholas Zographoss's yacht, and entertained hospitably in Cannes Harbour. Cannes, we hear, is thrilled at a rumour that the Prince of Wales may rent a villa there.

Going South—

Perhaps the most fortunate people are the guests of Miss Maxine Elliot at the Villa l'Horizon, and Mrs. Lewisohn at the Corniche d'Or. There are swimming-pools, and every almost unthought-of luxury at both these villas. Mrs. Van den Bergh has not opened the Villa Eidelweiss, but is staying at the Carlton, and will doubtless be seen combing her long, golden tresses on the rocks at Antibes. Mr. and Mrs. Goldman are entertaining at the Domaine Croix des Gardes, up on the Hill.

There will be great rivalry this summer between the Dorchester and Grosvenor House Folly shows at Cannes and Monte. If any young men win a packet, there will be a choice of pretty little blondes to show them how to spend their money in the luxury shops along the Croisette!

Baron Georg Franckenstein

Has been Austrian Minister in London since 1920, and contributes as much to London life as he does to make his country three-star for popularity over here. He has just left for a two months' holiday in Vienna

—and Elsewhere

The Maharaja of Rajpipla has taken a house at Biarritz for a month, another spot that the economical holiday-maker is feeling rather shy of. Mr. Somerset Maugham's lovely Cap Ferrat villa is let for the month of August to Mr. Jack Sophio.

The famous author, meanwhile, is drinking the waters at Badgaastine, in Austria. The presence of Miss G. B. Stern and Miss Rebecca West will add a further literary flavour to this newly-discovered spa, which specialises in treatment for blood-pressures below par (unconscious attempt at poetry). With their blood-pressures suitably elevated, most of the "patients" at Badgaastine proceed to Salzburg, there to enjoy the annual musical festival. Mr. and Mrs. Frere Reeves (she is a daughter of the late Edgar Wallace) are going straight to Salzburg. When in London, they

live in the Albany, one of the few couples to inhabit an almost bachelor building.

More Literary News

BEFORE going abroad, "G.B." is going to stay with Mr. Noel Coward at his farm-house in Kent, where, we hope, he is engaged on the promised play for Gertrude Lawrence. Every famous actress, we suppose, has her great moment, and we are quite sure that quite ninety per cent. of Miss Lawrence's public would vote for *Private Lives*, with Mr. Coward "opposite"!

The fact that Beverley Nicholls is writing and relaxing (same thing to these gifted young men) in his lovely old-world cottage near Peterborough, is a further proof that we know where "authors go to in the summer time." Oh! and young Godfrey Wynn, who has

Miss Bee Batlivala

Lunched at the Berkeley before the Royal Garden Party in a duck-egg blue sari. She has been a barrister since she was twenty-one, and is also keenly and competently air-minded and an enthusiastic polo-player

"centre court" ambitions, is playing in tennis tournaments, some small, some house-party-ish, all round England. We saw him at the ballet one night last week, looking so young that his well-known treatises on "Advice to Fathers, Mothers, Uncles, etcetera," seem like bouncing precocity, until you read them, and realise the great common sense and worldly wisdom of a young man who looks about seventeen.

Except that Sir Henry Lyons, the speed-boat enthusiast, is going to Cannes, that's about all we know as to where people are going.

Simple Life

IF you cannot go away and are stuck in this "fœtid" London, we know of nothing nicer than driving quietly down to Bray and dining at the Hind's Head, or the Hotel de Paris. The thing to do is to have a cocktail (or two) at one pub, and dine at the other. We spent last Saturday evening in this restful and enjoyable manner, after attending a real simple-life village fête not far off—"'Ow be 'ee, Garge?" sort of thing. We decided that when the time comes to retire quietly (to-morrow, probably), we must find a village just like this and vegetate there for ever.

There was an old invalid man in a decrepit wheeled chair, who looked quite ga-ga, poor old sweet, and who never had less than six people round him. They fought to push him about, give him tea, and present him with naïve prizes he had won in some raffle. In great, brutal London, that poor old gentleman would probably pine away in a back bed-sitting-room somewhere off the Cromwell Road.

The Hotel de Paris seemed gay and sophisticated after all this. Lady Doria Childe was playing with a slot machine (we'd seen her in a fetching Tyrolean suit a few hours before at Mr. Hulton's party). Sir Michael and Lady Assheton-Smith and Sir Robert Throckmorton were all staying with Lady Castlerosse in the house she has taken at Boulter's Lock.

At the Hind's Head, where we had just the sort of deliciously simple good food that you want in the country, we saw Mr. Ian Campbell, who has been in Spain for months, John Smiley, and Michael Lafone, with his pretty fiancée, Vivienne Scott. One of the best parts of a peaceful evening like this is the drive back to London in an open car, and the joyous sensation of finding yourself in bed before twelve o'clock.

Rogues and Vagabonds

IT was rather a pity that the weather suddenly turned cold, or, anyway, cooler, on Friday night, when Mr. Edward Hulton gave a very good party at Tangley Manor, near Guildford. He has such lovely grounds, and had obviously taken great pains with the outdoor as well as indoor decorations. The fireworks were marvellous, but we wished we could sit about on the grass and not think of going indoors. There is a moat all round the house, with a particularly steep bank. Up to the time we left, somehow, no one had slipped in. It was supposed to be a "rogue and vagabond" party, but people rather cheated over their clothes. Most of the rogues and vagabonds looked distinctly Tyrolean, which is rather a rudeness to Austria. There were many dinner-jackets and the feminine equivalent, and we even recognised a few distorted and disguised relics from Mrs. Woolly-Hart's Chinese party.

Of course, you want to know who was there. Vivian Jackson and his wife, who was Stella Wynn, and who is a strange mixture, being equally brilliant at science and polo; Lady Doria Childe, and the attractive girl she lives with, Thea Hyatt; Mary Booker, who pins flowers in her iron-grey curls with more effect than anyone we know; Mrs. Ronnie Balfour, and witty Kitty Bruce (both women to whom fancy dress is especially becoming), with their husbands; Lord Poulett, with his new wife and his new artistic coiffure (it goes well with the famous cape); Mrs. Rosemary Horlick, looking charming with a red cotton handkerchief tied round her head, and talking seriously to a group of serious young men, Mr. Edgar Granville, Lord Donegall, and Charles Baillie Hamilton; the lovely Valerie Brougham and Vaux and her sister. (Pictures on page 242).

Lord Portarlington

Was one of the Maharaja of Jaipur's Savoy party guests. He has gone off to Deauville for August

About Publicity

A MOTHER of a not-yet-out daughter asked us the other day whether publicity was good for a girl's "chances," or otherwise. Well, there you are, that's a question. We can all think of cases where girls have married well and been happy ever after, who would never have been heard of, or had a chance at all, except for publicity; others, again, who have wrecked themselves by either too much, or the wrong kind of publicity.

Mme. de Gripenberg

The attractive and sociable wife of the Finnish Minister was sketched after the Royal Garden Party, wearing a quaint little white shepherdess hat with a curling royal-blue feather

GOING OUT to GOINGS-ON (Continued)

Lady Hambleden and Her Children

William Smith, who is five, and Laura, who is four, walked round with their mother at the Silver Jubilee garden-party she and her husband gave at Greenlands, their place at Henley, for members of the staff of W. H. Smith and Son, whose service with the firm is over twenty-five years

Right: William Nicholas Cayzer, Sir August and Lady Cayzer's elder son, and Betty Williams, daughter of the late Owain Williams and Mrs. Williams, were married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge. Sir August Cayzer owns Roffey Park, in Sussex, and Gartmore, in Perthshire

Below: Hugo Brassey and Baroness Christa von Bodenhausen were married on July 27th, after knowing each other only a month. He is Capt. Robert Brassey's only son, and she is the daughter of Baron von Bodenhausen and Countess Degenfeld. She has been doing the Jubilee Season in London

We know of a case, where a great deal of sought-after publicity led to enquiries being made as to a young lady's private life, and resulted in her application for entry to the Royal Enclosure being refused. How more than silly to encourage chatty paragraphs and badger photographers, when your "private world" does not bear investigation. The stupidity of it is pathetic, but publicity is like a drug to some people: the more they get, the more they want. You see them dashing out on a theatre or cinema first night, in order to catch the camera-man's eye, and dancing round and round Mr. Swaebe or Mr. Sasha in a restaurant or at a publicity party.

Sometimes It Pays

I THINK the answer is this: if you are no one at all, then a certain amount of the right kind of publicity may be a help; if you have any sort of position or name, then the less you have, the better. The same applies to young men. Some of them like the limelight and are attracted by well-known, much-photographed girls; but not the best type of young man. Anyway, some girls marry for love, some marry for money, and some marry for a title. Some marry hoping to buck up the *other* young man, and that 's a good laugh all round. By the way, apropos of two recent weddings, a young man in India is very cut up about one, and a young man in London is just as relieved about the other. We may be very old-fashioned, but we still think girls should leave it to the men to propose.

Back from America

AT Punch's Club the other day, we ran into Mrs. Nick Prinsep, for the first time since her return from New York. She has been staying at Englemere, Ascot, the Weigalls' place, which Babe Barnato has taken for the summer. Week-end guests there include the newly-married Bernard Rubens', who are busily engaged getting into their house in Kent. It is in that gay part of the county already inhabited by the Roland Olivers, Horace Noble, and Mr. Chester Beatty, a rich young man, half-English, half-American, with a passion for bands, and a genius for entertaining. — MISS PEEPS

Below: the Cayzer-Williams Wedding

Below: Ambrose Congreve, son of Mr. and Lady Irene Congreve, of Mount Congreve, Co. Waterford, and a nephew of Lord Bessborough, and Marjorie Glasgow, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Glasgow's only child, were married at St. Clement Dane's. The reception was at Moncorvo House, where Mrs. Glasgow's dances used to be among the big parties of the season

Mr. and Mrs. Hugo Brassey

Mr. Ambrose Congreve and Miss Marjorie Glasgow

DUNLOP
FORT "90"
MADE IN ENGLAND
DRC
90
C.F.H.

ANNA ZINKEISEN'S PORTRAIT OF MRS. DAVID HENEAGE

Mrs. David Heneage, whose attractive portrait by Anna Zinkeisen is seen above, certainly adds to the decorative quality of London when she is seen about town—which is often, for she is one of the West End "Regulars," and she and her husband and their two children live in Cranley Place. The painter of the portrait, Anna Zinkeisen, is not only an admirable portrait painter, but exhibits in the largest of galleries, for her posters, as witness those done for the Underground Railway, not only strike the eye of the unsophisticated public, but also appeal to the connoisseur

A Film Set

Work and Play in Filmland

A Tennis Set

Above: Wendy Barrie displays a vigorous energy quite foreign to her namesake of "Peter Pan" while playing a "mingle" with Jack Oakie while on location on Catalina Island for the making of Paramount's "The Big Broadcast of 1935"

A Short Set

Above, left: American film companies with interests in British pictures are giving their English studio staffs opportunities to study production methods in Hollywood. John Findlay (centre), who has just completed eight months' intensive training at Fox Movietone City, is seen with Henry Fonda and Rochelle Hudson during the making of "Way Down East." He is the son of the late Sir Mansfeldt Findlay, and Lady Findlay

Left: Carole Lombard, the Paramount star, affects a set of tennis clothes that help to popularise the game still further. Whether next year's Wimbledon will be brightened by the appearance of similar costumes is a matter only the gods—and the All England officials—can decide

Farewell to the

A Few of the Twelve T Royal Garden Party a

(1) Mr. and Mrs. Terence Maxwell

(2) Commander and Mrs. Miller

(3) The Hon. John and Mrs. Hare

(4) Lady Ravensdale and Lady Alexandra Metcalfe

(5) Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Dewar

(6) Sir Henry and Lady Lyons

(7) Sir William and Lady Jowitt and the Hon. Mrs. Robin d'Erlanger

London Season

Thousand Guests at the Buckingham Palace

(8) Lord Churston with the Hon. Denise and the Hon. Lydia Yarde-Buller

(9) Colonel the Hon. Piers Legh and Mrs. Legh

(10) Colonel Arthur and Mrs. Floyer-Acland, Lady Adam and Miss Adam

(11) Lord Dunglass, Lady Mary Egerton and Lady Rachael Home

(12) Brigadier Laurence Carr and Miss R. Burnett

(13) The Hon. Peter Beatty and Lord and Lady Willoughby de Eresby

•Family Album

Lady Diana Dixon, who is the elder daughter of the late Lord Cowley, and of Clare, Lady Cowley, introduced Thomas Robin Valerian to the camera when the photographer paid a visit to Seagry House, Chippenham, the Wiltshire residence of her and Mr. Daniel Dixon. Their marriage at St. Margaret's, Westminster, in 1933 resulted from a meeting following the purchase by Mr. Dixon's father of the Chippenham residence of the late Lord Cowley

Up in Arms

The Hon. Mrs. Mansel Child-Villiers and her baby son, Frampton, for whom the Earls of Lonsdale and Mornington and Lady Dunsany acted as godparents at his recent christening. Before her marriage in 1934 to the Hon. Edward Mansel Child-Villiers, brother and heir-presumptive of the Earl of Jersey, Mrs. Child-Villiers was Miss Barbara Frampton, being the only daughter of the late Captain W. J. G. S. Frampton, of Newton Hall, Clitheroe

Below: the Hon. Mrs. Michael Scott with her two kiddies, John and Sheila, in their Upper Belgrave Street house. She is the daughter of the late Mr. James Cox Brady, of New York, and married the Earl of Eldon's only brother in 1928

Mrs. Robin Grant helps her small son, Anthony, in keeping "quite still, now, please." She is the wife of Lieut. C. R. A. Grant, R.N., and the daughter of the late Captain Lord Richard Wellesley and of Lady George Wellesley. Her in-laws are Major-Gen. C. J. C. Grant, C.B., D.S.O., and Lady Sybil Grant

Photographs by Bassano, Lenare and Kay Vaughan

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Messrs. Godfrey Phillips Limited are to be congratulated on the topical and most interesting series of cigarette cards now being issued through the "tens" and "fives" packets of De Reszke "Minor" cigarettes. In an attractive set of 54 cards are illustrated types of machines in current use by Britain and foreign countries. On the back of each card are a number of informative technical and general details and—a novel feature—a "worm's eye" view, in silhouette, of the machine, enabling you to recognise it at a height. The series enables the younger generation in particular to take an intelligent interest in the various types of aeroplanes and their characteristics.

The Scottish Amateur Champion

Left: Hector Thomson, of Macrihanish, the new Scottish Amateur Golf Champion, who defeated Jack McLean (holder) at St. Andrews

Right: a group of onlookers at the Dunlop Southern Professional Tournament, held this year at Hendon Golf Club. From left to right are—Mr. A. E. Burden (Sales Manager, Sports Division, Dunlop Rubber Company), Cmdr. R.C.T. Roe (Secretary, Professional Golfers' Association), Mr. C. F. Giffin (Director, Sports Division, Dunlop Rubber Co.), and Mr. W. Simmett, of the same Company

A New Golf Competition

By J. S. F. Morrison

Two very interesting golf competitions took place on July 23rd over the course of the Reading and South Oxfordshire Golf Club at Caversham. These competitions were organised by Sutton and Sons, the well-known seedsmen, of Reading, and were open only to the secretaries and greenkeepers of golf clubs. The two competitions were played concurrently and consisted of eighteen holes under handicap against bogey; one competition—the major event—was only open to secretaries playing with their own greenkeepers as partners, and the other to secretaries and greenkeepers not necessarily playing together or from the same club.

The major event, for which Suttons have presented a challenge cup, was won by Moor Park Golf Club, represented by A. R. Lovelock, handicap five, and his greenkeeper, G. Champion, who rejoices in the useful handicap of twenty; with their allowance of nine shots, they returned a card of one up, the best return of the day, and defeated bogey on six occasions, five of them with the assistance of a stroke. The second prize went to C. K. Cotton, of the Oxhey Golf Club, and his greenkeeper, S. Baker; as usually occurs, this pair were of the opinion that they would have won if they had not missed some short putts. Against this argument, it is possible, even if they had holed these putts, that the winners might also have holed putts which they missed.

The winners of the other competition were an all-greenkeeper combination consisting of D. Ness, of the West Essex Golf Club, and E. Dunn, of the Broxbourne Golf Club, who, receiving seven shots, returned a card of all square. Most golfers know that many of the golf secretaries are good players, although there are some secretaries who never play; but few golfers know that among the ranks of the greenkeepers there are also many really good golfers: this is because the performances of the secretaries receive more publicity than those of the greenkeepers, and are considerably more numerous. A very good player among the greenkeepers is A. Berry, of Beaconsfield, who has to play under the heavy burden of a handicap of plus three; even this steadier does not prevent him winning competitions and matches. As a general rule, the greenkeeper is a steady, dour player, who does not drive a long way but makes up for his lack of length by seldom playing a wild shot, and by subtlety on and in the vicinity of the greens—which he should, of course, know intimately.

Most of those who continually incur the displeasure of golfers—especially the bad-tempered players—were present at Caversham. They consist of those whose work it is to produce golf courses or to maintain them in good playing order. Many of the leading golf architects were present, and also R. B. Dawson, director of the Board of Greenkeeping Research. Whether the secretaries, the greenkeepers, the golf architects, or the expert advisers on maintenance receive the most kicks it is difficult to say. I think probably the secretaries do as they are always present, and consequently more open to attack. The greenkeeper probably receives the least reprimands, because he is not seen so often—usually when the grouser is playing a round and only has time to ask him rather quickly such questions as "Why don't you cut the greens?" and "Why don't you rake the bunkers?" etc. It is generally found that those who ask these questions are at the time a little off their putting or not hitting their shots through the green as straight as they should.

Everyone was pleased to see W. Herbert Fowler, now nearly eighty years of age, who was responsible for the design of the Old Course at Walton Heath and was at one time a most important person in the golfing world, as his nickname at St. Andrews proves. As 136 players—some of whom came from so far away as Penzance and Ganton—took part in the golf competitions, and as many others interested in the maintenance of golf-courses were present there was plenty of opportunity for the discussion of numerous questions concerning turf and upkeep.

The players who represent their schools in the Halford Hewitt Cup, and all those other golfers who have played over the links of the Royal Cinque Ports Golf Club, will be sorry to hear that a new starter will be required for big competitions on this links in future. Harry Hunter, who had been professional to the Club since its foundation in 1892 until a few months ago, has passed away. In January this year, to lighten his work, J. Lovelock was appointed to succeed him as professional, and consequently Hunter was enabled to concentrate his energies, which were great, on his duties as greenkeeper.

He was one of the most respected figures in the game of golf and beloved of all who came in touch with him. When starting he always had a cheery word for each player when he arrived to take his turn on the first tee. He carried out his arduous duty of starting annually nearly 400 players in the Halford Hewitt Cup competition in a quiet and efficient manner. It is true that, one year, there was a very long wait on the third tee, but this was caused by a match which started early taking an excruciatingly long time to complete the course and had nothing whatever to do with Hunter. His son, Willie, won the Amateur Championship at Hoylake in 1921, and would probably have won again in 1922 at Prestwich if he had not elected to play an exceedingly careless shot on the sixteenth green in the match in which he was finally defeated by the winner, Sir Ernest Holderness. Willie Hunter has for some years been a professional in the United States, and has done well in numerous big tournaments.

The Holford Cup Winners

Ranelagh Chukker

Mrs. Barnes, Sir Ian Walker, Cosima de Bosdari, her mother, Countess de Bosdari, who is Sir Ian Walker's sister, and Mrs. Barnes's small daughter, with her back to the camera. Sir Ian Walker was playing for the Territorials against the Navy

The "G's"

Lady Camden presented the P. N. Kemp Gee after his tournament from Ladham W. R. and W. F. Holman

Above: Mrs. Edgar Brassey is with the Maharaja of Kashmir's team, who won the Beaufort tournament for the Holford Cup at Norton, near Malmesbury. The team is Lord Erne, the Maharaja himself, Major-Gen. Nawab Khrusu Jung, and Captain C. T. L. Roark

Lady Aberdare and Her

Goodwood Week Polo

The Cowdray Park polo is one of the best things of Goodwood Week; all the house-parties around go over to watch the matches on the beautifully-set ground. Above, left, are Mr. J. Lakin, M.F.H., and the Hon. Daphne Pearson; on the left are the Hon. Mrs. Anthony Murray and Lady Cowdray; above are Captain and Mrs. Gerald Williams; and on the right are Major W. Morgan and Lord Cowdray. Mrs. Anthony Murray is Lord Cowdray's twin

• ROUNDABOUT

The Centre of Gravity Moves Away From Mayfair

Win at Eridge

Eridge Polo Club's cup to team, the "G's," won the House. F. N. Kemp-Gee, were the rest of the team

Right: Phyllis Neilson-Terry and Fay Compton are playing Oberon and Titania in Sydney Carroll's Open Air Theatre production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," which started last week in perfect open-air weather

Oberon and Titania

Daughters

Above: Lady Aberdare and her daughters, Rosalind Louise and Gwyneth Bruce were photographed one fine morning in Hyde Park. The two girls are twelve and seven; they have two brothers, aged sixteen and fourteen. Lady Aberdare was Margaret Black before her marriage in 1912

Lady Helena Fitzwilliam as Barmaid

Lady Helena Fitzwilliam ran a bar at the British Empire Cancer Campaign garden-party at the Aldenham House Club. And "ran" is the word, for her drinks went like hot cakes on a cold day

Right: Betty and Joan Maudsley took charge of an ice-cream cart at the British Empire Cancer Campaign party — and dressed cool to match their wares

The Duchess of Westminster

A very unawares snapshot of the Duchess of Westminster; she was staking a claim in the "treasure ground" at the garden-party at Aldenham House

Mr. William Gerhardi and Miss Eileen Karri - Davies are with their host, Mr. Teddy Hulton, who is Sir Edward Hulton's son. His idea of vagabondism was a Cossack one

Above: Mr. Vivian Jackson is the one drinking out of Miss Hermione Baddeley's glass; Mr. Freddy Childe, looking more like Tom Walls than ever, is the yachtsman on the right

"Rogues and Vagabonds"

Mr. Teddy Hulton's Dress - Up Party at Great Tangley Manor

Photographs by Swaebe

Another quartet who appeared on the Great Tangley Manor scene were Miss Eileen Dawson, Mr. John Millar, Mr. Dennis Bradley, and Lady Pat Mackay

Below are Lord and Lady Poulett, Mr. Raymond Massey, and Lady Bridget Poulett; they all disobeyed orders and came in "straight" evening clothes

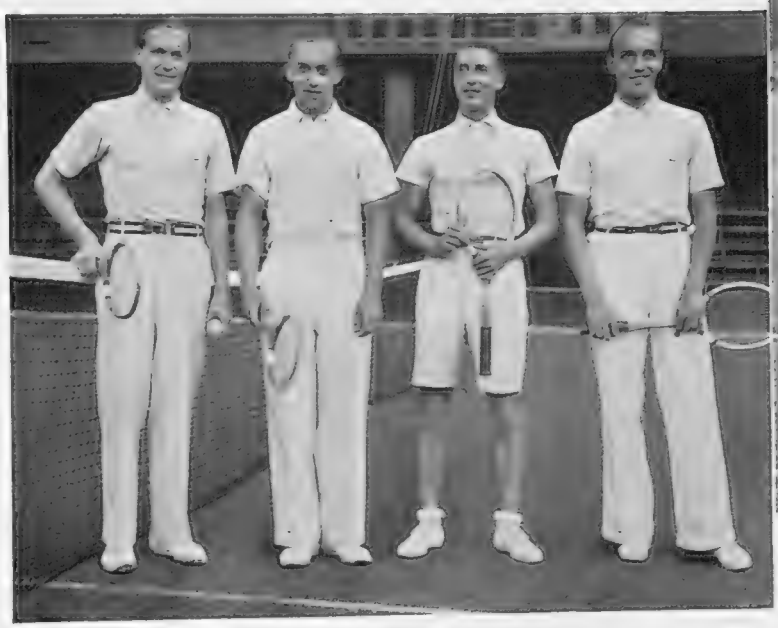
Below: Baron Bucovich, the German photographer, was apache, and Lady Doria Childe was Austrian for the evening. She is the Duke of Newcastle's elder daughter

Below: Mrs. Rosemary Horlick "talking seriously to a group of serious young men" — they were the Hon. Charles Baillie - Hamilton, Lord Donegall, and Mr. Edward Granville

Lawn Tennis Letter

Match Balls

By "Passer-By"



The German Davis Cup team, who gave the U.S.A. much more of a fright than the score suggests. (L. to r.): Baron Gottfried Von Cramm, Heinrich Henkel, Hans Denker, and Kay Lund

H. Roper Barrett, non-playing captain of the British Davis Cup team. He was a member of our first Davis Cup team in 1900 and subsequently made six visits to the U.S.A. A doubles champion at Wimbledon in 1909 (with the late A. W. Gore), and in 1912 and 1915 with C. P. Dixon, he is one of the wiliest tacticians who ever stepped on a court

DEAR BYSTANDER,

BIG tennis has rarely shown so many match points against the winners as in the present season. There were, you may remember, two consecutive finals at Wimbledon, with a championship at stake, in which only a single point separated the loser from victory—an unprecedented sequence. Miss Helen Jacobs—and how zealously she strived for it!—had a match ball against Mrs. Moody. Then, immediately afterwards, in the men's doubles final, Wilmer Allison and Van Ryn came within a stroke of defeating Jack Crawford and Quist. In the very next match which these two Americans were to play at Wimbledon—against Baron Von Cramm and K. Lund of Germany, in the Davis Cup inter-zone contest—Allison and his partner were to have another touch-and-go encounter. Whereas previously they had forfeited a match ball, this time they were to save five match balls against them.

ONE does not want to dwell on the financial aspect of match balls where amateur lawn tennis is concerned, but the executives of the United States and German Associations, naturally anxious to secure funds for the development of the game in their own country, must have had palpitating hearts when these vital points were debated. For upon their issue, as they might visualise, probably depended the entry of their country into the challenge round; and a three-day contest against Great Britain, with the Centre Court stands full, would bring in several thousands of pounds to either exchequer. "Winning smash worth £5000"—one can almost see how the stunt-writer could have treated it.

MATCH balls, as evenly balanced champions have found through the decades, are difficult points to earn; they are even harder to clinch. Inevitably there must be psychological tension at the supreme moment—a mental problem as to whether to make the steady return in the hope that the opponent, with defeat so close, will make a fatal slip, or whether, risking error by enterprise, the hand should go all out for a clean winner. This question, it may be pointed out, does not often face the supreme masters. As a rule, their superior skill having been vindicated, they have had a margin to spare. The victory point can be scored in quiet confidence. Even if it is missed, another chance can soon be created. Nevertheless, I have seen Tilden in his gala days apparently so unconscious of any crisis, that, when required to score three points in a row to save an important game, he has charged his left hand with four balls, served three aces, and then, almost contemptuously, thrown the fourth ball over the net for his adversary's use in the next game.

OFTEN enough, luck intervenes at the crucial match point. There may have been the same stroke of good or bad fortune earlier in the contest; it has passed unnoticed. It is only when men are near death and escape, that impressions retain their high colour. In the challenge round between Mrs. Lambert Chambers and Mlle. Lenglen in 1919, fate decreed that the only fluky stroke that the French girl played should occur when the British holder of the title was within a stroke of victory. In a losing position, "Suzanne" stretched out her racket desperately; the ball struck the gut near the handle, and dropped over a few feet from the net. Had the stroke been a normal one, Mrs. Chambers might have retrieved it, and have retired from Wimbledon as Champion. That little bit of wood made all the difference.

I ONCE played in a doubles final at a British tournament when my partner and myself were in the impregnable position of having two sets to our credit, a lead of 5—2 in the third set, our service, and a match ball. Yet we were eventually defeated. All credit to our worthy adversaries! I remember thinking at the time—it was nearly a quarter of a century ago—that the loss of the third set was quite immaterial for we should have more fun for our entrance-fees. In the fourth set we had more match balls, and in the fifth set yet another one. I confess that when the last came, I had definitely made up my mind that the angels were on the other side of the net.

ONE is not sure that the best expedient of all, when a vital point has to be gained to close or save a long match, is not a high-lofted ball. The lob, must, of course, be steep enough to tax both the hand and the mind of the striker. It must give him time to wonder; it must be thrown up with the malicious object of unnerving the enemy. Roper Barrett, a wily tactician, was a past master in the use of the disturbing toss; so was Beale Wright, in America. In modern days, I have seen Austin make a perfect lob under pressure at match ball, and win it. On the other hand, I have seen Jack Crawford, when within a point of winning the French Championship at Auteuil, throw up a fine lob to Von Cramm, who, swinging back with the coolest nerve, achieved a smash that fell plumb on the forehand line. An inch the other way would have allowed the Australian to keep the title.

A FEATURE about match balls—and I have observed it in many countries—is that its incidence after a long and nerve-racking struggle creates the same excitement in the linesmen as in the players. Their minds may even be so tense that, quite unconsciously—and swearing their innocence afterwards—they may commit a sighting error. Even championships have gone to the wrong player because of these lapses. For this reason, one is inclined to advocate that, during the interval, in long and important matches, the linesmen should be unostentatiously changed. Two hours is a long period for any one eye to be glued on any one line.

Women's Golf: By Eleanor E. Helme

Parliamentary Foursomes—and Others

"Some" Record

Mrs. Robertson, who returned a net score of 63—eleven below par—in the Manchester and District President's Prize

The "Bystander's" Girls' Open Championship

Entry Form and Conditions on page lv.

A Northern Star

Miss M. Hodgson, of Gosforth, driving from the seventh tee in the Open Mixed Foursomes at Alnmouth watched by her partner, Mr. N. G. Tate, and E. Fernie, the professional. Miss Hodgson, whose handicap was recently reduced to scratch, is the first woman in the North to attain this distinction

The Daily Round

The Marchioness of Hartington and her husband's uncle, Lord Richard Cavendish, snapped during a round on that most popular of courses, Turnberry

DEAR BYSTANDER,

THE development of golf amongst Parliamentary ladies is the sort of thing that ought to inspire a heavy treatise as one of the tendencies of the age. The Ladies' Parliamentary Golf Association has grown, under the watchful eye of Miss Stringer, through weakling infancy, until now, a hearty stripling of two-and-twenty years, a real step in growth has been made. A member has organised one of the competitions—a new one at that—instead of leaving everything to Miss Stringer. No wonder things are left to "Auntie Mabel," as so much of the golfing world calls her: with the patience of the best of nannies, she has borne with all the vagaries of golfing childhood as manifested in either associations or individuals. Like that invaluable, beloved race, she has been only proud to stand aside for one temporary moment and see a step taken alone. It was Lady Brecknock whose energy brought about these first Ladies' Parliamentary Foursomes; she and Lady Carisbrooke carrying through the arrangements. They took place at Moor Park, attracted a very creditable entry of sixteen couples, and reached a most suitable conclusion in a win for Miss Pamela Schreiber and Miss Quilter. Both of these have done well this year, and last, in the singles of the Association; but nothing has been better than their joint win of these foursomes, particularly the final—4 and 3—from Miss Martin Smith and her sister, Mrs. Hill Wood. In the first round, the winners won a desperate battle at the 19th hole from Miss Stanley and the Viscountess Knollys; then Mrs. Power and Mrs. Duncan took them to the 17th; so that they certainly had no easy passage.

IT will be good for all concerned if these Foursomes grow into something even bigger; there is nothing better for one's golf, or more fun than hitting alternate shots at the same ball—and who knows but what some Parliamentary pair will inscribe their names on a BYSTANDER Cup before many more moons have waned? A brand-new combination is successful, brilliantly so, every now and again; but, on the whole, most of us have a liking for confiding our foursome fortunes to the same partner time and again, gathering ease of mind to ourselves, prestige, even intimidation, for all opponents, in the process.

MISS DIANA FISHWICK and Brigadier-General Critchley, for example. This is the third successive year that the Thion de la Chaume Mixed Foursomes have been theirs, though never so decisively as that 8 and 7 from Miss Grace Amory and Captain R. A. Wilson which electrified Le Touquet this year.

PARTNERSHIPS for BYSTANDER Autumn Foursomes at Ranelagh and Roehampton are in the making, and entries open on August 28th. Holiday-makers please note, for it is so easy to go off, forgetful of everything except the holiday, and then to return and find entries have closed. That happens on September 19th. You have been warned!

Horrid rumours fill the air: anxious inquirers ask how much longer Ranelagh will remain a golf course; what will be done when, or if, that happy hunting ground is ever wrested from the club? To which the only answer is that it hasn't happened yet, please fortune it never will; and if it does, that will be time enough to worry.

Meantime, the very first of the entries for the Girls' Championship have begun to come in, only one post of them; so all the best are yet to be, perhaps. But already we have one of last year's semi-finalists, Miss Peggy Falkner, of Worplesdon, who has been playing for Surrey II.; Miss E. M. W. Browne, of Basingstoke, who was a Girls' debutante last year, and a welcome newcomer, Miss M. E. Halliday, from Fulwell. Fulwell is a club which has contributed no Girl since Miss Rhona Rabbidge, and her pigtails, appeared in the first Girls' Championship of all, in 1919.

SCORES for BYSTANDER spoons continue to be very amazing, and, in addition, there are quite a number of players who have already three spoons to their credit during 1935, and are therefore well on the road to winning the challenge cup for the greatest number won in the year. The leader at the moment, however, has no less than four—Miss Mary Wall, of Weston-super-Mare—so there will no doubt be a great chase to catch her on the part of those who have three, namely, Miss M. McGillicuddy of North Hants (Fleet), Miss Sutcliffe of Huddersfield, Miss Mary Mulcaster of Crewe, Mrs. Rhodes of Harrogate, and Miss N. Williams of Cox Moor—three northerners to one southerner. And that leaves out of account all the two-spooners, who may yet come up with a rush. If one may whisper a hint to them, and to others, it is to keep going. Scores drop off a trifle in quantity during August: when November and December comes, quality shows a marked decline. Cards which would have no chance of being even thirtieth in May or June, come well into the first fifteen in those winter months.

It seems to me the whole—no, not the whole, but one—of the secrets of success at golf is never to give up. It is terribly easy, particularly for a young golfer, to throw in her hand, and stop trying, when a few holes have gone wrong early in the round, or an opponent has shown a tremendous burst of brilliance. The older golfer knows full well that it is possible to retrieve misfortunes by something in the last few holes.

Yours ever, ELEANOR E. HELME.

Famous Trainers at Home

Photographs by Bassano

Donald Snow With His Wife and Family

W. R. Jarvis and Joe Childs

W. C. Earl, His Wife and Daughters

Above, left: Donald Snow, Mrs. Snow, and their two children, Susan and Christopher, and a goodly collection of pets, taken at Ogbourne, Wilts. He has some famous horses in his stables, and among his patrons is the Hon. Dorothy Paget

Above: W. R. Jarvis (right) at home at Newmarket. He is the King's trainer, and also trains for the Earl of Harewood. With him is Joe Childs, the King's jockey

Left: W. C. Earl, with Mrs. Earl and their daughters, Angela, Joan and Diana, taken at Lincoln Lodge, Newmarket. Among others for whom Mr. Earl trains are Captain the Hon. L. Montagu, Sir H. Lyons, Messrs. Stanley Joel, and Dudley Joel, and Colonel Fairfax

The "Bystander" Book Shelf

Adventures East and West

By A. G. Macdonell

In these days of ingenious romancers, the reviewer is inclined to approach books of highly-spiced reminiscences with a good deal of caution. There is nothing a reviewer dislikes more than having his leg pulled. For one thing, it hurts his professional vanity, for another, it makes his Editor cross, and for a third, and more important reason even than the first two, it makes his colleagues in the reviewing racket laugh at him. It was with the utmost circumspection therefore, that I approached *Wild Career*, by Mr. William J. Gibson (Harrap; 8s. 6d.). For if ever a man had a wild career, it appeared to be Mr. Gibson. A Canadian-born son of a family that had been connected with Russia for three generations, he was in Russia at the outbreak of the war, tried to enlist in the British Army, but was turned down by the British Embassy, enlisted in the Russian Army and began his career. He served as a motor-cyclist, fought with the Cossacks, marched in the great retreat from Warsaw, went on secret service to Central Asia, visited Turkestan, became one of Lenin's right-hand men in the Bolshevik Revolution, was made a Commissar, escaped through Finland, became a trader in loot from the Russian palaces, and had scores of other marvellous adventures. A vast deal of it has the true authentic ring about it. Mr. Gibson is no romancer. He is writing down what he actually experienced. But I must confess I got a bit of a shock when I read that he and his fellow-traders bought the contents of the Hermitage Museum, for the whole world knows that the main contents of the Hermitage are still in the Hermitage. Perhaps Mr. Gibson found it a little difficult to verify the authenticity of a Rembrandt at dead of night in a boat on Lake Peipus.

"Half-Way East" (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.) is a most attractive book of short stories by Mr. David Footman. They all have the same background—the small Anglo-American colony in the Balkan town of "Tsernigrad"—and they do convey very skilfully the life of these exiles, with their gossip, their bridge, their cocktails every evening in the bar of the one decent hotel, their intrigues, and their perpetual fear of losing their jobs. Mr. Footman's literary master is obviously Mr. Somerset Maugham, and he follows competently in that great man's footsteps. His great strength is in the fact that he has thoroughly grasped the principle of writing about real men and women. In all his tales there is an element of the "There but for the Grace of God . . ." which means that he is human and is describing human beings. I can thoroughly recommend *Half-Way East*. It may come as a pleasant reaction after Mr. Gibson's wildnesses.

Another collection of short stories is *Mixed Pickles*, by Mr. Neil Bell (Collins; 7s. 6d.). Mr. Bell is certainly versatile, and he can write in many styles. But not all of them are convincing. There is, for instance, his derivative style. One or two of his tales are simply H. G. Wellsian, and that is a model that is not easy to follow. The reincarnation of Pan in an English village is an old idea, and Mr. Bell is not happy in his treatment of it, while some of the stories are, unlike Mr. Footman's, so utterly divorced from all human likelihood, that it is quite impossible to believe in them. The exquisite ballet-dancer who conquers Europe and then retires to a life of filth and squalor with a Cornish lout is simply idiotic. That sort of thing does not happen, and if it does, it ought not to, which is the same thing artistically. (And, by the way, how silly to describe the Emperor Otto III. as "that little, foolish, strutting Emperor.") And I flatly refuse to believe that any man who has never played football can become a super-player simply by losing his temper. But there is plenty of entertainment in these stories, and if they are not very good specimens of a difficult art, at least they keep the reader amused.

M. J. Farrell

A young Irish writer whose novel, "Full House," was published by Collins on August 1st. In private life she is Miss Molly Skrine, one of Ireland's leading horsewomen, and most of her previous novels have had a strong hunting flavour, but her new book is not specifically "horsey"

Alas! alas for Mr. John Buchan. He entertained us all so superbly with his simple-souled Richard Hannay, and his dyspeptic Blenkiron, and his magnificent villains and villainesses. Hilda von Einem was as terrifying a damsel as you 'd find in a day's march through fiction. And Mr. Buchan was so splendid that we all forgave him his positively shocking coincidences. We were so entranced by his characters and his style, that we hardly noticed the recurring device with which he galvanised his flagging machines. But in *The House of the Four Winds* (Hodder and Stoughton; 7s. 6d.), there is nothing to distract us. The plot is complicated, thin, and hackneyed. The characters are furbished shadows. And the coincidences—heavens above us, the coincidences! It is all a melancholy business. Let us hope that a new lease of life will come out of the wide Canadian spaces, and that Lord Tweedsmuir will once again enwrap us in the old veil of enchantment.

"The Communist's Corpse" (Gollancz; 7s. 6d.), by Mr. Richard Wormser, is an American detective-novel, and it has all the sparkling, crackling energy of its kind. There is a pep about these American books that is lacking in the British variety. The plot moves like lightning, the dialogue is crisp and often witty, and the characters are full of vitality. No one could say that the cops come very well out of them. Indeed, as a general rule, the New York cop is painted as a brutal, dishonest contriver of frame-ups. But I think I can detect a faint tendency to improve the breed in fiction. Just as the new film-tendency is to glorify the G-men and show up the gangster in his true, abominable colours, so, I fancy, the pendulum will swing in novels, too. There is no point in describing the plot of *The Communist's Corpse*. It is too dependent on its breathless atmosphere and its mass of details to make it worth while trying to compress an analysis of it into a paragraph. But it must be recorded that the heroine, a gawky, gaunt, dowdy Communist girl, is very well drawn. You get a good idea of her indomitable courage and unending resource in her terribly one-sided battle against the 19,000 cops of New York City. My one complaint about the book is its title. There is no corpse of a Communist in it at all. The two men murdered are wealthy capitalists, one a lawyer and the other a blackmailer. To call the book *The Communist's Corpse* is simply to try to attract readers by a stunt.

FASHION . . .

as it flies . . . by Elizabeth

Lenare

This frock is strikingly simple and cut on classical lines. It may be seen in the model gown department at Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street, and is made in a new dull-surfaced material called "Aziza." The bell sleeves are richly embroidered in silver sequins, and the circular skirt sweeps the ground at the back, forming a slight train. The vogue for sequins will continue throughout the autumn. They may be opalescent, gold or silver, and are extremely decorative. An evening wrap consisted entirely of sequins dyed to a soft shade of pearl pink

For Sports and Country Wear

An important feature in the suit on the left, which is to be seen in the coat and skirt department at Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge, is the knee-length coat. It is double-breasted with diagonal pockets and wide revers. The skirt is plain and well-tailored, while the material is a bronze mixture tweed. It is also made in other colours and costs 6½ guineas. Many of the coats are belted, some only across the back. Others are loose and accompanied by a waistcoat which is attached to the inside of the coat

On the right is a cardigan suit in diagonal tweed which also comes from Harvey Nichols. The short belted coat has an adjustable scarf collar, while box-pleats lend width to the skirt. In brown, bottle, or navy it only costs 89/6. Then, for the same price, there is an admirably tailored blazer suit which can be made in plain or diagonal tweed. It is unusually slimming and ideal for holiday wear. Gamekeeper pockets and brightly coloured linings to swing coats are points of interest this autumn

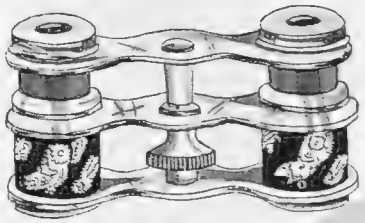
Lenare

THE BYSTANDER TWINS in search of
NOVELTIES
pictured by pam.
by peta;

This original collar of white pique lilies may be seen at Dickins and Jones, Regent Street. Also the white panne toque with appliqué leaves and a diminutive black eye-veil

Here is an invaluable travelling companion which contains not only a brush and comb, but cream jars and bottles, manicure accessories, and a sponge-bag fitted in the lid. The case is green Morocco with a zip fastener, and the cost is 63/- from Revelation

No one should be without a pair of opera-glasses, and these are particularly nice as they take up so little room. They come from Revelation, 170, Piccadilly, and are gold-plated, enriched with the finest petit point embroidery in gay colours



A new rouge which will defy the closest scrutiny and brightest sunlight has been created by Harriet Hubbard Ayer. It is called "Pomegranate Compact," and is obtainable practically everywhere for 2/6

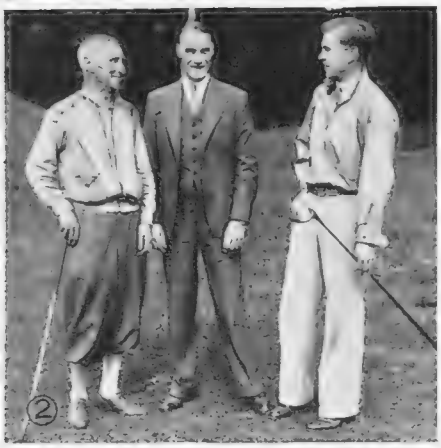
"4711" Rhinegold Eau de Cologne is an enchanting new perfume which combines the freshness of Eau de Cologne with the subtle fragrance of a modern perfume. Being of "4711" repute, it cannot fail to meet with success, while it can be purchased practically everywhere

Sale remnants offer many opportunities for a change in accessories. The backless blouse on the left ties in a knot at the back of the neck and again at the waist. Above is a marcella waistcoat jacket with a cut-away front and short inset sleeves

Golf Clubs at Home

Royal Musselburgh Golf Club, Prestonpans, East Lothian

(1) W. A. Whitelaw (secretary). (2) A. Hinton, L. E. Black and J. H. Davidson. (3) E. M. Thompson and G. Greston Brown. (4) J. B. Gardiner and P. Fraser. (5) G. M. Colville and T. N. Lambert (councillors). (6) J. C. Murray and James Herkes. (7) A. G. Miller, F. W. Shaw and George Chapple. (8) E. Telfer and G. Steven. (9) T. P. Scott and J. P. Scott



Said a batsman called Oliver Lees,
"This bowler aims straight at my knees."
But Schweppes Tonic so lashed
Him to zeal that he smashed
All the scorer's front teeth out with ease.

Schweppes
TONIC WATER
- does you Good

(*Continued from page 220*)

BUT we are going ahead too fast. There is Colonel Ian Campbell, the agent for Krug; there is our Mr. Cochran, who has given his name to a sherry; Sir Francis Colchester-Wemyss, the croquet "champ."; Lord Dawson of Penn, who has very proper ideas about the medicinal value of wine—like so many other doctors; Walter Elliot, the Minister of Agriculture, who looks just like his cartoons by Low, yet another member. Percy Fender, the cricketing wine merchant, and Comte de Fleuriau, the former French Ambassador, are the only "F's" among the members. Lord Hartington pays his subscription but never manages to get to the dinners. The name of John Harvey is sympathetic to all lovers of Bristol Cream. Maurice Healy reminds one that the Irish are often witty.

I ALWAYS thought that A. P. Herbert was primarily a beer drinker, but he also belongs to this club, as does Geoffrey Hobson, of Sothebys. Lord Lymington, that fair-haired, freckled Conservative, proposed the club toast of Saintsbury's birth at the last dinner. He inherited a good cellar which still has some 1848 claret (presumably now undrinkable). Compton Mackenzie does not often turn up for these affairs, but Mr. Gus Mayer, one of the partners of Colnaghi, is always there. He has the finest cellars of German 1921 wines of any amateur in London. Francis Meynell combines a love of burgundy with an interest in the Nonsuch Press. Curtis Moffat, one of the best judges of claret in the country, remains exceedingly good-looking, and has the fine manners of the old-style American.

THE Belgian Ambassador paid his entrance fee in burgundy. He is a good-natured, debonair diplomat who always looks the part of an Excellency

David Tennant

Louis Raemaekers, the war-time caricaturist, seldom seems able to get to the club dinners, by contrast to André Simon, the best-known expert on wine in the country. Sir John Squire is a member. He knows a lot about the late Professor Saintsbury. Ralph Straus belongs to this club, as he does to almost all the dining clubs of which one can think. A. J. A. Symons has the most remarkable handwriting in England, and has drunk as much good claret as Curtis Moffat—which is saying a lot.

A JUNIOR and generous member is David Tennant, who runs the Gargoyle Club. There is also Nicholas Titulesco, the former Rumanian Minister in London, who has left a tremendous cellar over here and fully expects to return to enjoy it. Finally we come to Dr. Williamson, who was art director to Pierpont Morgan; and H. A. Vachell, who lives at Bath, where the next dinner is to be held this autumn, and who wrote *The Hill* and *Quinney's*.

PROFESSOR SAINTSBURY himself died shortly after the club was founded. His *Notes From a Cellar Book* is a classic on wines. He reviewed all the vintages of the world and gave his impressions on them. His handwriting was, however, one of the most illegible ever known There were scarcely half-a-dozen people who could read it. At first glance it looked quite simple, but when one tried to read it, it turned out to be apparently just a lot of pothooks, and was the despair of the printers, however sober they might be.

SHELL
IS
FIRST
ALWAYS

Shell is, and always has been, the most successful petrol in this country. Since the beginning of motoring it has led the field and this year again further consolidated its lead. Its quality — always uniform throughout the country—has no equal and is the real cause of its predominance. In addition to this you can get it wherever you go.

YOU CAN BE SURE OF SHELL

Monte Carlo Beach

Here is Europe's southern playground, a place of southern sunlight and the freedom of the South, a place in which to please yourself—to do whatever you like whenever you like to do it . . .

On Mont Agel there is a golf course, eighteen holes, three thousand feet up, where the air is always fresh and cool. At the Country Club there are a number of excellent tennis courts. And at the Beach there is a sea-water swimming-pool, one of the finest in Europe, for those who mistrust the actual sea, or there is aqua-planing in the bay for the more adventurous.

At Monte Carlo Beach the design for a perfect summer resort has been perfectly carried out. Hotels, restaurant, swimming-pool, tennis courts, Summer Sporting Club have all been built at the very edge of the sea within a stone's throw of each other.

And it is not too far—a night's journey by rail, or a day's journey by air. And staying there is not expensive, even at the best hotels, where under an inclusive arrangement, you may take your meals without extra charge at the Sporting Club or the Beach Restaurant as well as in your hotel.

By the Swimming Pool

Fishermen's Outing in Wales

This lovely stretch of the Usk was the meeting-ground for the Usk Valley Casting Club Tournament the other day. A big crowd of fishermen and fisherwomen turned up as usual for this event, which is one of the most pleasant and sociable in the angling year

The Thames

A. Essen-Scott and J. A winners of the Men's Double Championships, with K. J. runners-up. The meeting wa

Lord Glanusk As Judge

Lord Glanusk is talking to the Hon. Mrs. Arthur Bailey, whose late husband was his uncle. It is at Glanusk Park, his place near Crickhowell, in South Wales, that the Usk Valley Casting Club Tournament is held

Sport with the Lid Off

By "Mark Over"

WHATEVER else may happen, one thing has grown out of the fourth Test match, at Manchester: it is England's new-found fighting spirit. We saw a glimmer of this spirit—this eagerness to attack the bowling by "run-hungry" batsmen—in the second innings of the match at Leeds. And at Old Trafford it shone forth brilliantly when Bakewell and Denis Smith opened our first venture, and by the time R. W. V. Robins had come in to bat, it was blazing triumphantly to the world in general—and the Australians, in particular! For, let me say, the Australians are watching our battles with South Africa closely; they are keen to know how our young batsmen who will be going "Down Under" two winters hence are shaping.

WHAT a great cricketer is this Robins, to be sure. How the Old Trafford crowd—among the keenest cricket spectators in the world—rose to his gasconading batsmanship at a time of crisis for England. Five men were out—out in an attempt to force the runs—and, in the ordinary course of things, we would have expected some grim, earnest stonewalling from the later batsmen. But no; Robins is not the man to remain a passive resister: he attacked the South African bowling, collared it completely, after one or two hair-raising escapes—how the gods love a fighter!—and went on to pilot England into safe waters.

He is a real quicksilver batsman, this Robins. He is blood-quickening in his alertness and in his enthusiasm to take a crack at the bowling. As we watched him, we wondered mightily why he was passed over for the Tests at Leeds and Lord's.

England, I say, could do with a team of Robinses. This Middlesex amateur is an inspiration to a side. He enjoys his cricket thoroughly, and, more important, he has the personality which inspires his team-mates. Such men are rare in the game. I can think of only a few. One is Don Bradman, who, I am sure, was the mainspring—the driving force, if you like—behind W. M. Woodfull's Test captaincy. Another is Cameron, the dashing South African wicketkeeper-batsman, who must mean much to Herbert Wade, his more phlegmatic skipper.

SO let us hope the Selectors will play Robins whenever and wherever they can. And, too, let them persevere with Denis Smith, in whom signs of greatness are already abundant. Again, there is Bakewell, who has all the strokes which make the master batsman but who needs just a little more testing in the fires of international cricket before he is tempered to face the Australians.

Yes, the signs in our first innings at Old Trafford were good. Now it should be the Selectors' policy to play this team—with, perhaps, an obvious exception—regularly; always providing, that is, none of the players loses his form completely. It is only by giving our men strong support in this way that we can hope to build up a match-winning team for the stern Tests in Australia.

AND now to the calmer waters of club cricket, with a thought for the very successful Festival Week which was concluded at Beckenham with a sound victory over near rivals in Blackheath. I sat through more than one pleasant fixture on the lovely, tree-fringed Foxgrove Road ground at Beckenham, watching some of the most carefree cricket I have seen for seasons. A busman's holiday? Maybe. But what a tonic it all was after some of the deadly sober stuff which, season by season, we see served up by county sides. There were no grim struggles for first innings' points: the players went into the game light-heartedly, and, win or lose, it did not matter much. The game was the thing.

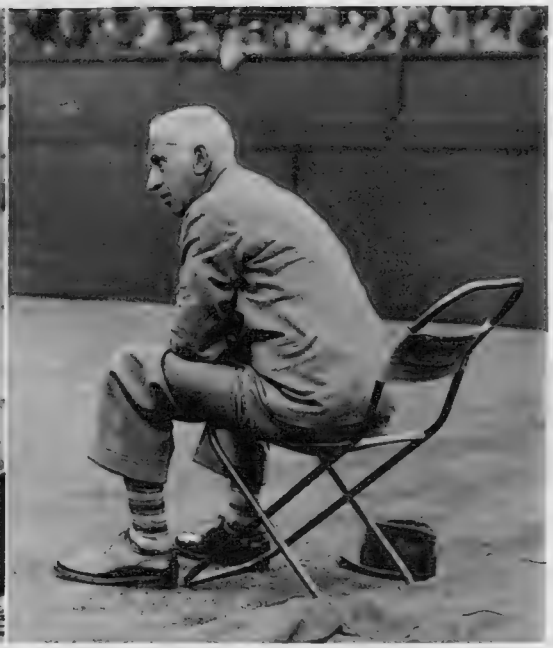
I liked, by the way, the welcome, warm and sincere, which the spectators gave to those very gallant brothers, R. T. and G. J. Bryan. These two left-handers—R. T. dark-haired and thick-set, Godfrey tall and loose-limbed—know how to go for runs. As the golden hours slipped away, it was

Punting Champions

Urquhart (left) were the in the Thames Punting Club's Quick and H. F. Taylor as held at Rye Peck, Shepperton

Lord Desborough Was Umpire

Lord Desborough, king of sportsmen, was the umpire for the Thames Punting Club's Championship meeting. He is president of the Club. With him is J. H. Secker, who was punting champion five times between 1904 and 1909



Davis Cup Linesman

Rear-Admiral Briton, C.M.G., was one of the linesmen for the Allison-Henkel match in the Inter-Zone final of the Davis Cup, when America won her place in the Challenge round

good to sit back under the trees and watch them smacking crisp fours (and not a few sixes) for Beckenham.

It occurred to me that in Beckenham Kent might find yet another charming home for one of their festivals. I made some inquiries and learned that the county club did stage fixtures there some thirty years ago, but that batsmen had complained, justifiably enough in those days, that the ball was often "hidden" by the trees. So Beckenham ceased to stage county games.

However, since that time some of the trees have been felled, but, so thoughtfully, that the ground has lost none of its beauty, while being light enough for your most fastidious batsman. So, I wonder, why does not Kent come back to this very pleasant ground? Thirty minutes from London, it would seem a fitting ground for a clash with Essex or Middlesex, leaving the Surrey fixture for Blackheath.

And, by the way, how would it be for Surrey and Middlesex to go adventuring out into the "country"? Why not a Richmond Week for Surrey? Why not a Harrow Week for Middlesex? I, for one, would be heartily glad to see these two counties leave Lord's and the Oval for a while and capture some of the delights of cricket in a more rural setting.

An All-England Finish

J. C. Stothard beating J. V. Powell in the half-mile at the White City, where the annual Great Britain v. France athletic meeting was held. Great Britain won the whole affair by 64 points to 56

AFTER cricket, boxing. Here, I see that Jack Doyle has been promised a fight with Buddy Baer, brother of the former world's heavy-weight champion. This contest, of course, would be staged in America, where Doyle is at present meeting with a mixed reception from the fight public. Some Americans, apparently, were not at all pleased with young Doyle's grandiloquent gestures on his arrival in the States. He certainly was not too modest over his achievements.

And, I may say in passing, one good story goes the rounds of Doyle's first entry into America. He is reported as saying in Jack Dempsey's hearing that he would eventually be a better singer than John McCormack and a better fighter than Dempsey. To which, they say, Dempsey replied: "Say, kid, you tell 'em you 'll be a better fighter than McCormack and a better singer than me." Which may be hyperbole, but is good enough to be true.

STILL, there it is, Doyle is to face Baer, whom many experts across the Atlantic believe will one day hold the world's title which his brother lost to James Jay Braddock, the ex-dock labourer. It is a big test—the biggest Doyle has been asked to face so far in his brief ring career. How will he shape? Well, he is a surprising young man, and, despite what the experts are saying, he may spring a surprise on his American opponent. I remember when Doyle first flashed across the fistic sky in this country. He secured some amazing victories, and this though he was very, very crude in his style. His arms swung great hay-making punches, yet he would send big fellows hurtling across the ring.

He had all the qualities of a world-beater. All he needed was to be taken in hand. And just how well he has been taken in hand these days we must wait and see. This Irishman, say what you will, is capable of anything—always providing he keeps strictly to training.

FINALLY, to football, which is not such an unseasonable subject as some would imagine. There is, for instance, the big international match between England and Scotland in Glasgow on August 21st. This game is to be held in aid of the Jubilee Trust Fund and should pack Hampden Park, the huge football arena in which the Scots stage their internationals. It is an "all-pay" affair, so that we may see the receipts touch the £14,000 mark.

The Scots should win, for the England players will not have begun their season, and will go into the game out of match practice. Even so, we should see a big game. Let us hope that it will secure the big crowd it deserves.

By the way, there is also quite a lot of activity in Rugby circles just now. And club secretaries are beginning to wear worried looks as a result of the formation of Rugby League clubs in London, for I know many of their players have been toying with the idea of turning professional. If Rugby League does definitely catch on in the Metropolis, then we may see some surprising things happening, with more than one well-known Union star going over to the "money code."

All entries for the BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in any issue of the* BYSTANDER *during the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, 346, Strand, W.C.2, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

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Name { *Mrs.* / *Miss* .....

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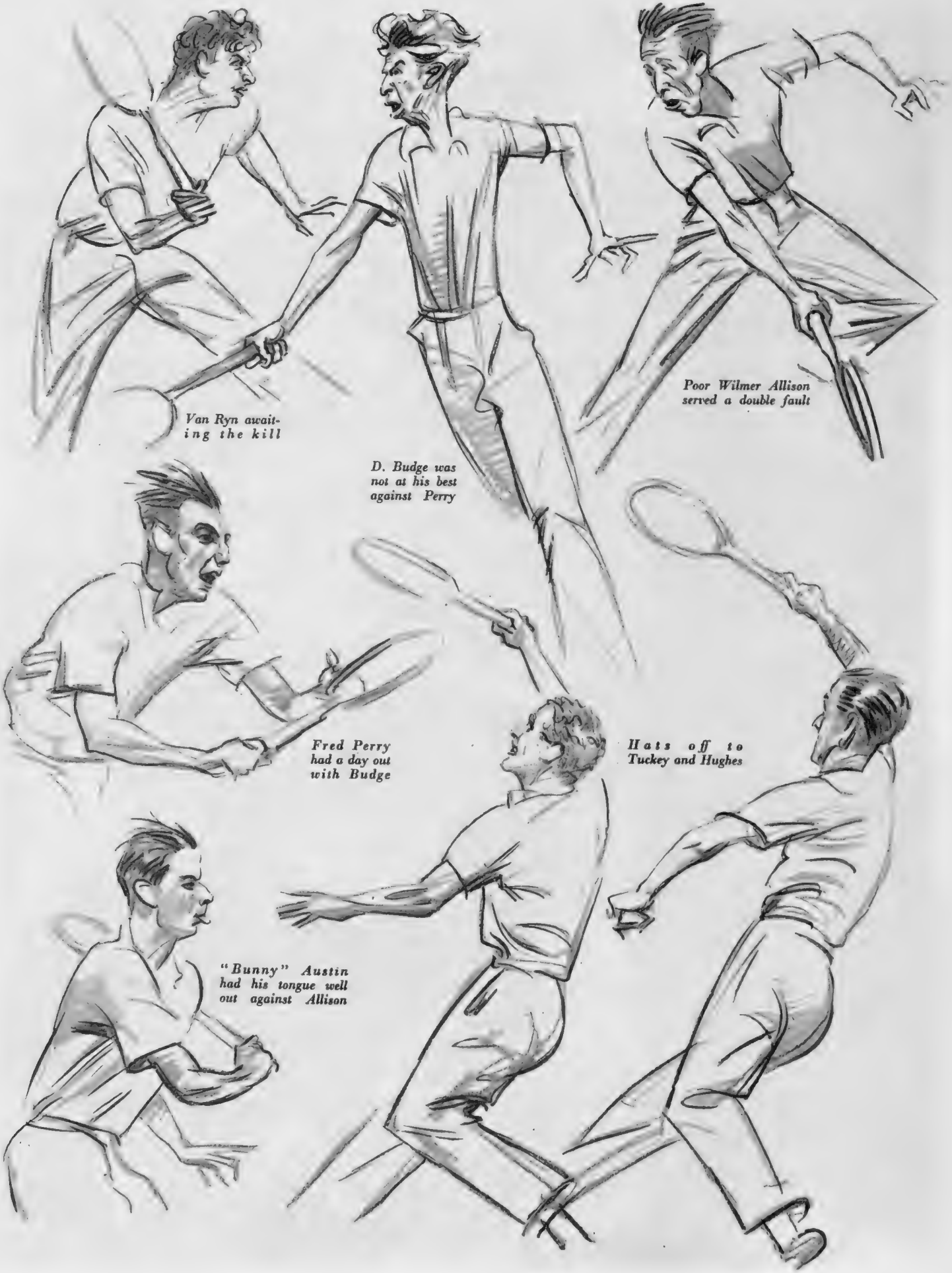
The Davis Cup at Wimbledon: By H. H. Harris



Van Ryn awaiting the kill

D. Budge was not at his best against Perry

Poor Wilmer Allison served a double fault

Fred Perry had a day out with Budge

Hats off to Tuckey and Hughes

"Bunny" Austin had his tongue well out against Allison

The Symbol
...and the Substance
of Perfection
PLAYER'S
PLAYER'S NAVY CUT
N.C.C. 295.A

Left: eggs for London! Aircraft of No. 12 Squadron, R.A.F., carrying out a bombing raid on London during the recent manœuvres. Many of the attacks were delivered from great heights—18,000 feet or more—so that the defence had no easy task at intercepting
Photo.: Charles E. Brown

Below, left: pilots of six nations take morning coffee together at Croydon air-port. From left to right they represent Germany, two from Belgium, two British pilots, France, Switzerland, and Holland

Below: Mrs. Marjorie Stace, well known on the aerodromes, takes her dog with her wherever she goes. Here he is about to make a flight at Heston in a Monospar

When the Army and Navy Fly

By Charles Ward

A Naval and Military Affair

THE R.N. and R.E. Flying Clubs were "at home" at West Malling on July 27th. Landing and bombing competitions, with demonstrations by visiting test pilots, were watched by members and their friends from Chatham and the neighbouring garrisons. Mr. E. C. W. Myers, R.E., secretary of the R.E. Flying Club, was the winner of the landing competition; he came to rest 56 feet from the mark. Mr. J. M. Wintour, flying a Malling Aero Club "Moth," was most consistent with his ration of three flour bombs, which exploded 21, 22, and 21 yards from the moving target. The only direct hit recorded was on the wrong car—one that was stationary in the "A.A." park. Flying Officer Lawn, from Reading, gave a most impressive performance on the Hawk "Major"—all normal aerobatics with ease and precision, followed by slow flying at 40 and flat out at 160 miles an hour. The latest experimental Hawker "Hart" from Brooklands, flown by Flight-Lieut. Lucas, described gigantic circles, curves and graceful parabolas at speeds ranging from 150 to 250 miles an hour. The "Jubilee" Monospar concluded the events with a slick demonstration of controllability at a wide speed range for which this type is noted. I heard from Mr. Gordon England that it is selling extremely well; it is certainly the best value in four-five seaters on the market.

At West Malling

AMONGST the visitors at Malling were Captain C. F. Harris, head of the Naval Air Division and Rear-Admiral Kennedy-Purvis, assistant chief of the Naval Staff, who is chairman of the R.N. Flying Club. The latter provides facilities at Hanworth for those at the Admiralty and at Portsmouth, as well as at West Malling. The R.E.'s also fly at Brooklands, the nearest civil aerodrome to Aldershot. There was a lot of interest shown during the afternoon in the "Flying Flea," now almost ready for its air test. It has been a spare-time job for Mr. W. G. Laidlaw, who owns the aerodrome, and the two ground engineers. So far, only two "Fleas" have flown in England and neither with complete success. There are two somewhere in Yorkshire awaiting engines, so one may say that competition is still intense.

Le Touquet Becomes London Suburb

AT the end of last month, Imperial Airways started a new service to Le Touquet which has had the effect of making that resort of pleasure for tired business men into a suburb of London. 'Planes leave London each week-day in the evening, after business hours, and return to London early the following morning. The flight itself occupies 45 minutes, so that journey time is less than that to Brighton. The air-liners are of the "Diana" class, with four engines and a buffet. Air taxi trips to Le Touquet are a profitable source of income to the charter companies, but, of course, the fare is considerable, and therefore passengers who go over regularly will welcome the convenience of the latest service, which is an addition to the Sunday excursion and the ordinary week-end trips. The season ticket or commuting system is gaining in popularity on the airways. Regular travellers by Imperial Airways can buy tickets to the value of £75 for £60, available over four months, and £200 worth for £160 covering a year's journeys. These season travel vouchers may be used on all national European transport lines.

New Zealand Buys British

DE HAVILLAND'S are building five multi-engined air liners for New Zealand with a total seating capacity for sixty-four passengers. Three of the machines are the De H. 86 Express for Union Airways, and two are Dragon Rapides for Cook Strait Airways. This marks the entry of New Zealand into the field of commercial air line operations on a big scale. It has needed the support of shipping companies to finance the new services. Amongst countries of the Empire, Australia and New Zealand have been consistently faithful to British aircraft, but Canada uses mostly American 'planes, and in South Africa orders have been placed with Germany.

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RUBBED
AWAY

STIFF JOINTS
STRAINED MUSCLES
MUSCULAR RHEUMATISM
SCIATICA
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DEALERS ON EVERY AERODROME

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By the late CECIL ALDIN

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Insist on NOVIO
The Perfect TOILET PAPER
Antiseptic. Thin, soft, strong, silky. Sold in packets, rolls and cartons by Stores, Stationers, Chemists, etc.

In this youthful coiffure created by Emile, 24, Conduit Street, the hair is arranged in soft waves across the front, while loose curls cluster from the nape of the neck to the crown, showing the lobes of the ears. An alternative style is to have a wider expanse of waves in front and tighter curls at the back

Modern Aids to Beauty

Different Ways of Arranging Curls

FASHIONS in hairdressing have undergone many changes during the last fifty years, and the days of straight hair, either bobbed or shingled, have given place to something far more elaborate and picturesque. Curls have undoubtedly come to stay, and, according to Emile, the well-known hair-dresser, 24, Conduit Street, they are worn rather higher than last year. Though all-over curls are still fashionable, there is a tendency to combine them with soft waves, leaving the ears uncovered. In many cases the front and sides are waved, and the back loosely curled. Another way is to have plastic curls forming a halo across the crown, and the back short with sleek waves. This is more practical for people who bathe during the summer, as it is difficult to keep low curls from getting wet. The fringe is no longer so general, but has been succeeded by plastic curls on the forehead, either in front or at the sides. For straight hair, Emile's have a wonderful system of permanent waving which is absolutely harmless, and so natural in its effects that it is impossible to tell the difference.

How to Avoid Brittle Hair

ONE of the many pitfalls to be avoided, during the summer months especially, is dry, brittle hair. Though fresh air is the best tonic in the world, it is so easy to rest too long in the hot sun, thereby drying the natural oils in the scalp. Special treatments for revitalising the hair are given by Emile, who will also recommend a tonic for home use. Their oil application is excellent for dry hair. It is essential, however, never to attempt this at home, as too much oil will only make the hair dank and sticky, while an insufficient application is useless. Cleanliness is another very important point. Apart from washing the hair itself, there is the question of clean brushes and combs. Hard brushing night and morning, combined with scalp massage, will stimulate the circulation and strengthen the growth. Massage is carried out with the finger-tips, following a circular movement. A shingle cap should be worn at night for keeping curls and waves in place.

The "Bystander"

GIRLS' OPEN CHAMPIONSHIP (17th Year)

Scratch Match-play Knock-out Tournament at Stoke Poges, September 4th, 5th and 6th. No Qualifying Round.

September 2nd.—International Match, Scotland v. England.

September 3rd.—Girls' Golfing Society's Meeting (Medal Play).

The *Girls' Open Championship* is open to all girls, of any nationality, who will be under nineteen years of age on September 6th, 1935.

Entries will be received up to sixty-four. Any over this number will be placed on a waiting list, from which vacancies caused by withdrawals will be filled up to the time play starts.

Entries close on Monday, August 19th, and must be made on the entrance form which appears below.

Competitors will be drawn to play in a scratch knock-out match-play tournament at Stoke Poges, September 4th, 5th, and 6th. Halved matches to be played to a finish.

Challenge Cup and replica to the winner; prizes to the runner-up and unsuccessful semi-finalists.

Entrance forms and all communications to be sent to Miss E. E. Helme, the BYSTANDER Office, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2.

The proprietors of the BYSTANDER reserve to themselves the right to alter and amend any of these conditions, and the decision of the Golf Editor is final.

The Craig Challenge Cup, scratch bogey, will be played for on September 5th by players beaten in the first, second, and third rounds of the Championship.

Stoke Court Challenge Cup.—For the player staying at Stoke Court, or who has applied for a room there and been refused, who remains in the Championship for the greatest number of rounds. A tie between two players to be decided by playing the best of three holes match play; a tie between more than two as announced.

Competitors not playing in the match Scotland v. England may practise free of charge on Monday, September 2nd, and all mothers or chaperons at a reduced green-fee of 3s. 6d.

SCOTLAND v. ENGLAND

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 2ND, AT 2 O'CLOCK.

An eighteen-hole match will be played at Stoke Poges between teams chosen from competitors in the Girls' Championship, 1935, representing Scotland and England. Qualifications: either parent, birth, or last two years' residence.

Challenge Cup, presented by Captain J. R. A. Stroyan, to be held for a year by the captain of the winning team, and replica to each member of that team. Competitors to state on their entry forms which country they are qualified to represent, and whether they would like to play if chosen.

WHERE TO STAY

Special Terms are offered to competitors and their friends at the following addresses:

STOKE COURT, STOKE POGES, SLOUGH, BUCKS. Terms: 16s. 6d. per day.

BAYLIS HOUSE HOTEL, STOKE POGES LANE, SLOUGH, BUCKS. Terms: 15s. per day, or 12s. without lunch.

FARNHAM COMMON PRIVATE HOTEL. Terms: 12s. per day, or 10s. 6d. without lunch

Competitors should apply *early* to The Manager at any of these.

ENTRANCE FORM — No Entrance Fee

The "Bystander" Girls' Open Championship,
17th Year,
Stoke Poges, September 4th, 5th, and 6th, 1935

To be sent to Miss E. E. Helme, The BYSTANDER, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2, not later than Monday, August 19th.

Please enter

Miss.....

Home Address.....

.....

Telephone No.....

Date and year of birth..... *Club (if any)*.....

Handicap (if any).....

I am qualified for { *Scotland, / *England,

*and should like / *but should not like } to play if chosen.

* Cross out whichever does not apply.

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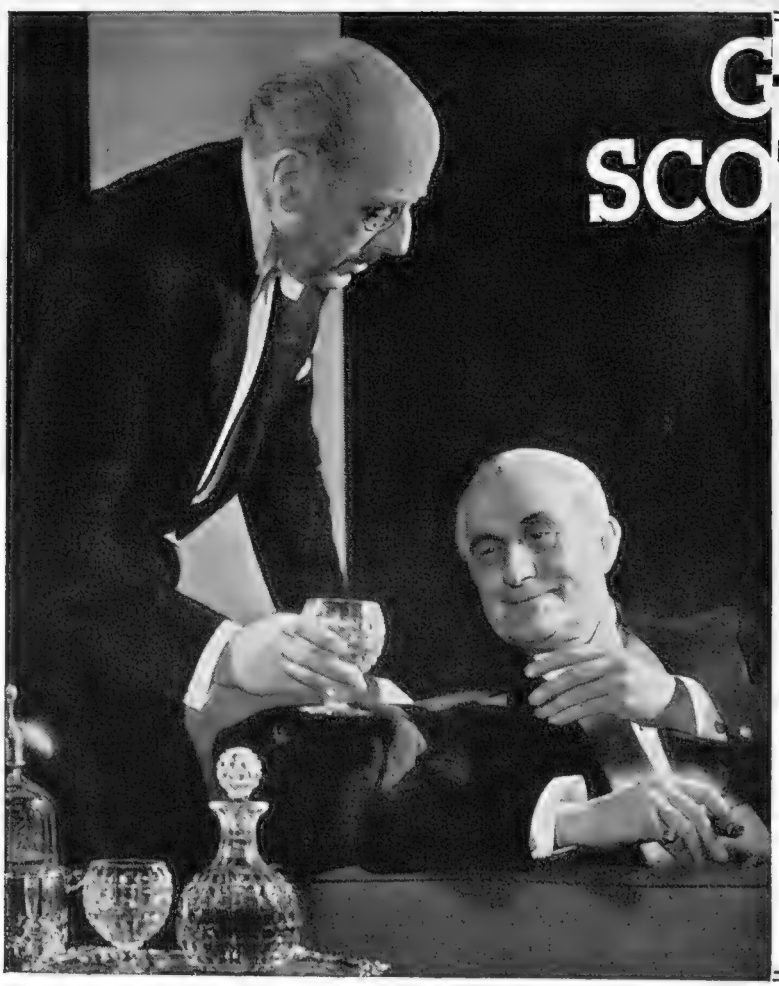

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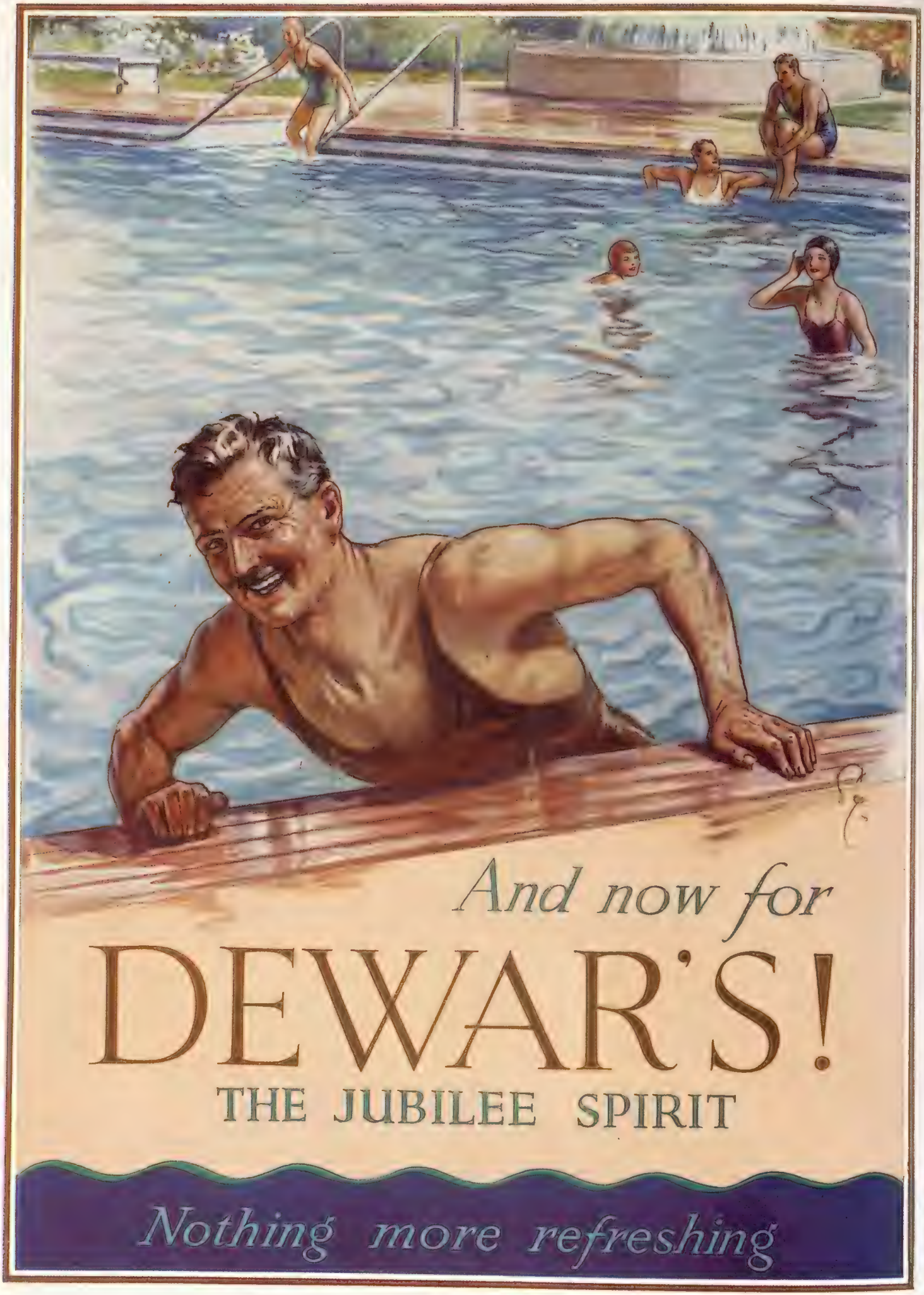

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THE THEATRE

Plays

A Midsummer Night's Dream.—With Fay Compton making her first open-air appearance as Titania, and Lewis Casson as Quince: Open Air Theatre, 8.30. Thurs. Sat., 2.30.

Close Quarters.—Fine acting by Flora Robson and Oscar Homolka in this two-charactered drama with a murder foundation: Haymarket, 8.45. Wed., Thurs., 2.45.

This Desirable Residence.—Intelligent, sensitive acting by Marie Ney as the girl of the 'nineties who wanted to marry below her; Frederick Leister as the Victorian father, Eric Portman as the young man: Criterion, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

The Dominant Sex.—Someone 's got to give way in every marriage—Diana Churchill and Richard Bird can't decide who; easy, relevant dialogue and incident make an amusing evening: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Ghosts.—A revival of Ibsen's play, with Nancy Price as Mrs. Alving, Morris Harvey, Glen Byam Shaw, Elizabeth Maude; produced by Dr. Per Lindberg: Duke of York's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Lady Precious Stream.—This delightful Chinese play includes in its cast Maisie Darrell, Morris Harvey, Esmé Percy, Roger Livesey: Little, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Love on the Dole.—A play for everyone to see—a stage microcosm of the industrial depression that is moving in its reality and humour; a brilliant performance by Wendy Hiller: Garrick, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

The Mask of Virtue.—A Restoration comedy written to-day; it 's polished, witty, naughty; the stars are Jeanne de Casalis, Lady Tree, Vivien Leigh, Frank Cellier: Ambassador's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

Noah.—A great impersonation of Noah by John Gielgud; Marjorie Fielding is Mrs. Noah; this English version of Obey's drama has much of the profundity, humour and poetry of the original: New, 8.30. Wed., Fri., 2.30.

Sweet Aloes.—Diana Wynyard's fine acting as the wronged heroine of Jay Mallory's play must be seen again: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Tovarich.—First-class theatrical value as to story and dialogue, and a fine cast headed by Eugénie Leontovich and Cedric Hardwicke: Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

The Unguarded Hour.—A new drama, with Godfrey Tearle, Rachel Berendt, the French actress, and Malcolm Keen: Daly's, 8.30.

The Wind and the Rain.—Robert Harris is the young hero of this long-running story of student life in Edinburgh; Celia Johnson plays the part as heroine: Queen's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

With Music

Anything Goes.—You 'll like Cole Porter's music, Jeanne Aubert's shining effectiveness, Sydney Howard's fooling, and the whole speedy, decorative, amusing show: Palace, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Gay Deceivers.—A musical nonsense; Clifford Mollison and Charlotte Greenwood do some superb fooling; Claire Luce and Gina Malo dance and look decorative: Coliseum, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Glamorous Night.—Not for the critical sophisticate, but it 's got everything a full-size Ruritanian musical comedy can have, including Mary Ellis and Ivor Novello: Drury Lane, 8. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Love Laughs—!—Renée Houston is the shining star of this cheerful musical comedy with a film studio story; Laddie Cliff, Alan Kearns, Barbara Newberry are in it too: Hippodrome. 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

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Revudeville No. 63.—Edwin Lawrence has joined the cast to assist Hugh Rene in supplying comedy, Ken Douglas being on holiday. Meggie Eaton, Norah Chapman, and Eric Woodburn are all back, and "Breach of Promise," in which Doris Barry made such a success some months ago, will be revived with her in her old part. Scenes include the "Stone Age," a film studio, and a finishing school, and there is an attractive tableau entitled "My Lady's Fan." The modern ballet is based on "The Blues": Windmill, 1.30—11.30 non-stop.

1066 and All That.—The most original revue in London; history burlesqued into fits of laughter; and the cast obviously enjoy themselves: Strand, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

Mirth and Mystery

Night Must Fall.—Don't go if you 're nervous—Emlyn Williams acts the young murderer too well; there 's humour as well as horror in this excellent play: Duchess, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Someone at the Door.—This mixture of farce and crime is the greatest success for a lowbrow evening; Henry Kendall and Nancy O'Neil are in it: Comedy. 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

The Two Mrs. Carrolls.—It 's a well-acted play about a wife-poisoner—Leslie Banks; Louise Hampton, Elena Miramova, and Joan Maude as wives past, present, to come: St. Martin's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

Vintage Wine.—Seymour Hicks has revived this comedy; Julia Neilson and Greer Garson are in it too: Victoria Palace, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

CINEMAS

Baboona.—The Martin Johnson's jungle-life film, with baboons as the stars: Polytechnic.

Becky Sharp.—The new technicolour film, with Miriam Hopkins as Becky, and Cedric Hardwicke in the strong cast; the lighting and colour-design are well worth seeing: New Gallery.

Bulldog Jack.—Jack Hulbert as a deputy Bulldog Drummond, with Ralph Richardson as his gangster enemy, and Fay Wray as the girl-friend: Tivoli.

The Call of the Wild.—A film version of Jack London's story, with Clark Gable, Loretta Young, and Jack Oakie: London Pavilion.

Cardinal Richelieu.—George Arliss puts on the robes of yet another big man of history: Leicester Square.

Devil Dogs of the Air.—James Cagney takes to flying in a spectacular and expensively made air thriller; the girl is Margaret Lindsay: Regal.

Farewell.—A revival of the film based on the episodes and romance in the life of Frederic Chopin: Curzon.

Hands of Orlac.—With Peter Lorre and Frances Drake. And The Trunk Mystery, with Franchot Tone and Una Merkel; an all-thriller programme: Empire.

Look Up and Laugh.—Gracie Fields' new film, and W. C. Fields in Memory Expert make a cheerful double programme: Plaza.

The Raven.—Boris Karloff and Bela Lugosi as macabre as usual. Let 's Live To-night.—Lilian Harvey and Tullio Carminati teamed in a new musical: Capitol.

Shanghai.—Loretta Young and Charles Boyer are both full of charm in their Eastern setting. There 's also the B.B.C. film here, well worth seeing: Carlton.

St. Petersburg.—Russia of 1860, filmed by a Soviet company, based on two Dostoievski stories; the hero is a young violinist, and there 's some good music; and Joy of Life, with Gordon Harker: Academy.

The Thirty-Nine Steps.—John Buchan's thriller (stars—Robert Donat and Madeleine Carroll; director—Alfred Hitchcock) is now at the Marble Arch Pavilion.

BALLET

Ballets Russes.—Colonel de Basil's Company, and the L.P.O. to play for them, are at Covent Garden.

Lac des Cygnes, Choreartium, Beau Danube: to-day, 2.30.

Carnaval, Les Cent Baisers, Le Tricorne to-night, 8.45.

Jardin Public, Choreartium, Union Pacific: August 8th, 8.45.

Beach, Femmes de Bonne Humeur, L'Oiseau de Feu: August 9th, 8.45.

Sylphides, Les Cent Baisers, Aurora's Wedding: August 10th, 2.30.

Boutique Fantasque, Jardin Public, Scheherazade: August 10th, 8.45.

MUSIC

Promenade Concerts.—Sir Henry Wood conducting the B.B.C. Orchestra: Queen's Hall, 8.

August 10th: Opening night; the mixed programme includes Elgar's Enigma Variations; soloists—Ina Souez, Harold Williams, Leslie England (pianist).

August 12th: Wagner Concert; soloists — Eva Turner and Arthur Fear.

August 13th: Tchaikowsky Concert, including Symphony No. 4 and Piano concerto No. 1 (Clifford Curzon).

DANCING AND DINING

Out of London

Ace of Spades, Kingston By-Pass.—Dancing to Percy Chandler's band in the pool-side ballroom every night; restaurant and pool open all night.

Ace of Spades, Great West Road.—Pool-side restaurant and large new swimming-pool open all night.

Amwell Club, Great Amwell, Ware, Herts.—Restaurant, swimming-pool, golf, tennis, and garden with children's paddling-pool and fountains.

Birch Hotel, Haywards Heath.—Picturesque swimming-pool with improved type of filtration and lovely garden.

Blue Pool. Camberley.—Restaurant, swimming, lovely surroundings; ideal for sun-bathing.

Gay Adventure, Esher.—Swimming in the sterilised and warmed pool; sun-bathing in the lovely garden; dancing to Tony Eldridge's band.

Hautboy Hotel, Ockham, Surrey.—Old-world garden; good food in the unique dining-room; best cocktails on the road; no swimming—but a smuggler's den!

King's Head, Horsham.—Although installed with modern equipment, still has the 1401 atmosphere; renowned for its cellars and genuine old-fashioned English fare.

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• GETTING MARRIED

The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Lafayette

Frances Johnston

Is the elder daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Laurence Johnston, of Felixstowe. She announced her engagement in June to Philip Neville Savory, the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Savory, of Broadstairs

Lenare

Mrs. H. F. Withy

H. Forster Withy, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Daubeny Withy, of West Hartlepool, and Joan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Womersley, of Meadow Hurst, Pudsey, Leeds, were married at St. Wilfred's, Harrogate

Tunbridge

Jackson — Kirkpatrick

Alfred Stewart Jackson, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred L. S. Jackson, and Jean, only daughter of Mr. W. McE. Kirkpatrick, M.P., and Mrs. Kirkpatrick, at the reception at 24, Pont Street, which followed their wedding at St. Margaret's, Westminster. With them are the best man, Mr. H. Fee-Smith, the page, Ian Kirkpatrick, and the bridesmaids, Deidre Kirkpatrick, Joan Beausire, Monica Gresson, and Fay, Nancy, and Elsie Cooke

Pearl Freeman

Iris Formby

Who is to marry Arthur Cousins, only son of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Cousins, of Bix Manor, Henley-on-Thames. She is the only daughter of the Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Formby, of Bix Rectory

Douglas

Olive (Babs) Patten

Is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Patten, of 171, North End Road, W.14. Her fiancé, Robert Trevor Leslie, is the younger son of Colonel T. C. C. Leslie, O.B.E., R.A.M.C., of Cambridge House, Aldershot, and the late Mrs. Leslie

Cawthorn — Farish

Joseph Peacock Cawthorn, of Moorside, Fenham, Newcastle-on-Tyne, and his bride, Violet Ovington Farish, leaving All Saints', Gosforth, after their wedding. The bride's home was in Graham Park Road, Newcastle

Douglas

Joanna Campbell

Who is to marry Mr. Barend Olink, the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Olink, of Bussum, Holland. She is the youngest daughter of Mr. C. H. Campbell, of Reigate, Surrey, and of the late Mrs. Campbell

Elliott & Fry

Agnes Marnoch

Is the elder daughter of Sir John and Lady Marnoch, of 28, Albyn Place, Aberdeen, and is engaged to Francis Noble Ratcliffe, of Whiteleaf, Princes Risborough, Bucks. Her father is the well-known Scottish surgeon

Hay Wrightson

Katherine Boulton Kenrick

Whose engagement has been announced to Charles Maltby Wells, eldest son of R. Wells, M.P., and Mrs. Wells, of Felmersham Grange, Bedfordshire, is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Kenrick, of Toronto, Canada

Yvonne Gregory

Norma Paver-Crow

Whose marriage to M. André Coüard, elder son of M. and Mme. Coüard, of Paris, took place on August 1st. She is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Paver-Crow, of Ornhams Hall, Boroughbridge, Yorks

Robinson — Jackaman

Dr. Allen Betham Robinson, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. A. B. B. Robinson, of Leicester, and Evelyn Margaret, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Jackaman, of Highfield, Slough, Bucks, were married at St. Giles' Church, Stoke Poges

Cunningham — Clegg

Lieut. J. G. Cunningham, R.N., and Miss D. Clegg leaving St. Thomas's Cathedral, Portsmouth, after their wedding. The bridegroom's ship is the Royal Sovereign

Elliot — Symons

Major Frederick Eden Elliot, R.A., and Elizabeth Anne, younger daughter of the late W. Christian Symons and Mrs. Symons, of 129, Beaufort Street, Chelsea, were married at the Servite Church, Fulham Road, S.W.

Dobson — King

At Holy Trinity, Brompton, Roderick Dobson, son of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Dobson, of Southsea, was married to Winifred, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. King, whose home is in Sydney, Australia

Downes — Steele

Gordon Downes, of Edinburgh, and Beryl Steele, of Liverpool, leaving the church after their wedding. They were married at All Souls', Langham Place

Godbold — Bond

Ernest E. Godbold and his bride, Lilian Bond, after their wedding at St. Martin-in-the-Fields, Strand, W.C. The Rev. Patrick McCormick, D.S.O., officiated at the ceremony

Oliver — Scholes

Lt. A. G. Oliver, R.N., of H.M.S. Hood, and Audrey Denton Scholes passing between their guard of honour. They were married recently in the parish church at Hanworth, Middlesex

Lumsden— Andrew

Lieut. B. J. D. Lumsden, Royal Marines, and Betty, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Andrew, of Plympton, South Devon. Their wedding took place at St. Mary's Church, Plympton

Shearer — Cooke

E. D. R. Shearer and Hester Cooke were photographed after their wedding which ook place in St. Columb's Cathedral, Londonderry. The bridegroom is a well-known Irish cricketer

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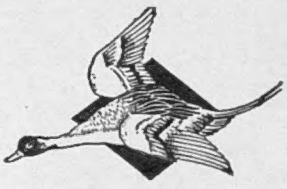

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